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FRANK LESLIE'S

BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY.

An Illustrated Journal of Amusement, Adventure, and Instruction.

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IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT!

A NEW FEATURE—THREE WEEKLY PRIZES FOR THE BEST DRAWINGS.

THERE is no accomplishment which can afford greater pleasure to the young, or become more profitable afterward, than skil in drawing.

The daguerreotype and the photograph give us many pictures, but the artist's hand is required even with them, and there are thousands of cases where the pencil alone can supply what is required.

Drawing is taught in most of our schools, but many pay no attention to it, deeming it of little use. To encourage those who have acquired some proficiency, and to stimulate others to take up the study in earnest and cultivate the talent they possess, we propose to give, for a time, THREE WEEKLY PRIZES FOR THE BEST DRAWING sent in to FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY.

The drawing is to be sent accompanied by an attestation of the young person's teacher that it is actually the pupil's own work, without outlining or touching up by any other hand.

The first prize, THREE DOLLARS, will be given for the best drawing of the human figure, or the head, torso, arm, hand, foot, etc.

The second prize, TWO DOLLARS, for the best drawing of an animal, the whole figure, or the head.

The third prize, ONE DOLLAR, for the best landscape.

Drawings that, in the opinion of the Committee of Judges, possess remarkable merit—and we hope to receive one such each week—will be engraved for FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY, and the name of the artist given.

The prizes will be awarded every week. The successful candidates will be made known in the same way that is practiced in regard to the Round Table.

It is recommended that the sketches be not too large—not to exceed eight inches by ten. They should be sent flat, in an envelope, and not on rollers, which are liable to delay and accident in the mail.

In addition to the money prizes, each successful candidate will receive a *Certificate of Merit*, inscribed with his name and address in full. A facsimile of our Certificate will be found on page 392. Candidates must not be astonished if their names do not immediately appear, or that their drawings do not receive immediate attention, for we are in receipt of so many specimens that it takes a very long time to examine them.

Drawings *must* be original, not copies.

PHIL TERRY'S GRIT.

By JACK JUDSON.

CHAPTER IV.

UNEXPECTED COMPANY.

NEAR the close of a pleasant Fall day our two travelers might have been seen wending their way slowly across one of those grand prairies that spread out in such immense distances over some of our Western country.

Sam Bartle led a horse well loaded with luggage. There were sacks of provisions, satchels containing wearing apparel, and two or three woolen blankets strapped to the animal's back, while two pairs of boots, a coffee-pot and a frying-pan dangled at his sides.

The goods were disposed in a manner that showed that the arrangements had been made by a practiced hand, and were surmounted by a couple of rifles.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon; the air was filled with a soft haze; the tall grass rustled and swayed in the breeze, and altogether it was as pleasant and peaceful a scene as any one could wish to see.

"We're purty near the spot, Phil. In less'n an hour we'll be gittin' supper in my cabin!" exclaimed Sam Bartle.

"And at our journey's end. What a tramp we have had!" answered Philip.

"Nothin' to speak of when you're used to it! I shan't be sorry, though, when it's over. I've got a kind of a feelin' that I ort to be thar. Git up, Doll!"

The sun, a round, red ball, was just sinking below the horizon when they made the circuit of a small, wooded ravine that intersected the prairie, and caught sight of the cabin.

"Hooray!" shouted Sam Bartle, swinging his hat around his head; "here we be. But what in thunder does that mean?" and he stopped short where he stood, and gazed with frowning brows at the lonely habitation.

Philip was at a loss to know what was wrong, and looked wonderingly at his companion for an explanation.

"Do you see that ar smoke comin' out of the chimbly? Wall, somebody or ruther is makin' themselves to home in my cabin. Now, ef I don't h'ist 'em in a hurry, my name ain't Sam Bartle!"

"Who can it be?" asked Phil, with concern.

"Some o' them pizen Pawnees, like es not, or mebbee some fool of a herder what thinks I've cleared out fur good. Unsling them rifles; we'll picket Doll here, and slip up kinder easy and reconnoitre. Now, mind, boy, an' obey orders; we may find ourselves in a kind of a scrimmage."

The two crept cautiously forward. The grass was so tall that it afforded shelter from observation, and Sam knew the premises so well that he could pick his way to the best advantage. They neared the cabin, and Sam, in a whisper, desired Philip to remain where he was while he approached the little back window alone. Philip watched him as he crept through the dusk, and took his station of observation. He remained motionless beside the window for so long that Philip was tempted to join him. But he remembered the stern tones in which he had been bidden to "obey orders," and restrained his curiosity as best he could.

At length Bartle stole guardedly back to Philip's side and whispered:

"Hev you got grit to kill a man?"

Philip shuddered.

"THE DISABLED VILLAINS WERE GROANING UPON THE FLOOR, AND THE FRIGHTENED WOMEN WERE COWERING IN A CORNER, NOT KNOWING WHAT NEXT TO EXPECT."

"'Cause if you have, now's the time it needs to be done," continued Bartle.

"What is wrong?" asked Philip.

"Like 'ere: That's two of the meanest varminte that ever trod in shoe-leather settin' thar in front of the fire. One of 'em is a horse-thief an' a murderer—I've seen him afore an' I know he's the man. The tother one is his eke-ell in villainy, or his looks belie him. They're a-gambin'—got a pile of money on the table. An' thar's two wemen—an old one and a young one. Theer hands air tied behind 'em, an' they look like they'd be glad of a chance to kill theirselves.

"I heerd one o' the villains sayin' to tother one. 'Come, now, we'll play fur more interestin' stakes—if I win this game, I'm to hev the young one, and vice versy.' So now of you've got the grit, come right along as still as a cat, an' we kin lay 'em out right what they air before they hev time to do any further mischief."

"I've practiced enough to be a pretty good shot since we started to cross the prairie, but I have to shoot a man. Won't it answer our purpose just as well if we cripple them and then deliver them over to the authorities?" whispered Philip, eagerly.

Bartie chuckled to himself and then answered:

"I don't keer, only be sure you do cripple your game, 'er we'll be the ones to be laid out. Now mind, you take the fellow neardest the fire. I'll 'tend to the tother one, and don't git narvous."

The little window was partly open, and the desperadoes were so certain of not being molested in that lonely spot that they were exercising no watchfulness.

They were laughing and talking loudly, bandying coarse jokes and making themselves more brutal than nature had made them, by drinking frequently from their brandy-flasks.

They sat, one at each end of a small table, so as to present a full side toward the marksmen.

"Take him right through the knee when I give the word," whispered Bartie. "One, two, fire!"

The rifles were discharged at the same instant, and there arose within the cabin a chorus of oaths and groans and screams.

"Come on!" cried Bartie, and the two dashed around to the door.

The disabled villains were groaning upon the floor, and the frightened women were cowering in a corner, not knowing what next to expect.

Sam Bartie stepped just inside the door and looked around the room. Then he fixed his attention upon the gamblers.

"Hev you two fellers had enough, or can't you be quiet without havin' your brains blowed out?"

They begged for mercy.

"Wal, I'm a soft-hearted creetur in a general way, but when I ketch men abusin' a couple of helpless women, it rises me dreadful. You keep quiet, now, while I tie them hands o' yourn, and don't make no motion toward no little shootin' irons, fur I'm prepared for you all round. Phil, you untie them women's hands and bring me the ropes; I shan't take my eyes off of these fellers till I've got 'em properly fixed."

Philip obeyed, and in a short time Sam Bartle had secured his prisoners in such a way that they could move neither hand nor foot; then he said to Philip and the trembling women:

"Now, you three kinds air to stand guard while I'm gone. It might be that thar's more of the same breed around the neighborhood. I'm goin' after somebody to relieve me of my visitors, an' can't git back in much less'n two hours. Here, you ladies kin take these revolvers; they're loaded; Phil has his rifle; if you 'ear any more fellers after I'm gone, you kin barricade the door and fasten down the winder."

Sam Bartle found, as no doubt he expected to find, a couple of good horses in the little stable back of the cabin. Taking the one that seemed to him to have the appearance of a pony traveler, he started on his quest. There was quite a settlement in Powder River, between five and six miles distant, and toward that point he made his way.

His advent in the little community, and the tale he had to tell, created a great excitement.

"If it's Red-head Jack and Long Bill, we're in luck, sure. There's a reward on 'em of five hundred dollars!" exclaimed one man.

"Well, one of 'em is long enough, in all conscience, whether he's Bill, Dick or Thomas; an' as for Red-head Jack, he's thar. I've seen him afore."

"Hurray, hurray! git out your horses, men!" cried one of the group.

"We'll hev to hitch to a wagon, I reckon, if the men are crippled," remarked one more thoughtful than the others.

"That's so; jerk her out. Where is she?" exclaimed an enthusiastic youth of the settlement.

Soon the necessary arrangements were completed, a wagon filled with hay was provided, and the party set out for Sam Bartle's cabin.

They found everything about as Sam had left it. The elder woman had stanched the blood of the prisoners' wounds, and had made them as comfortable as circumstances would allow.

The cabin was soon relieved of their presence, and then Mr. Bartle turned his attention to the two that were left upon his hands.

The elder woman was apparently about forty years old; her hair was dark, with an occasional thread of gray in it; her eyes were gray and intelligent in their expression. She was dressed neatly in a dark cloth dress, with linen collar and cuffs.

The girl was very pretty, and quite young—not more than fourteen years of age, yet womanly in appearance and manner.

Her hair, which was soft and curly and of a sort of golden lairness, was tied back and fell in two long, heavy tresses down her back. Her complexion was beautifully fair, showing no travel-stains of tan or freckle. Her eyes were a soft hazel, large and expressive.

Sam studied their appearance for several moments before uttering a word, then he said, quite gravely:

"I don't doubt but what you've met with considerable of a misfortin', er you wouldn't a' been in the hands o' them air vagabones; but we hain't none of us had our suppers yit, an' as you look purty well fagged out, we'll feed to that business first, and hear your account of yourselves arterward."

"You have done us a great service, sir," replied the woman, "and you may know that we are very grateful. My name is Mrs. Barton, and this is my daughter Katie."

"Wal, and my name is Sam Bartle—gin'ally Sam, for short—and this is a young feller what I've brought from the East to learn life on the prairie with me. His name is Philip Terry, and I'll give him this recommend—he—he's—got grit!"

Philip laughed, and said he was much obliged for the "recommend," and Katie smiled and nodded her head, as much as to signify that she thought of the matter just as Mr. Bartle did. Doll, who had remained unloaded where she had been picketed when her master left her to "reconnoiter," was now led up to the cabin-door and relieved of her burdens.

A roaring fire was made in the stove, and all hands went briskly to work to prepare supper.

The bill of fare was not an extensive one, for Mr. Bartle had been absent a long time, and all he had to furnish came forth out of sacks and packages brought over the prairie on the back of old Doll. But there were flour and baking-powder, and Mrs. Barton soon made as nice a "batch" of biscuits as were ever made anywhere.

Then there were bacon and coffee, sugar and canned fruit, crackers-and-cheese—a very good supper for hungry people whose appetites have been sharpened by fasting, and a good many hours of exercise in the keen prairie wind.

Mr. Bartle sliced the bacon and placed it in the the frying-pan, Philip ground the coffee and brought water from the spring, Katie spread the table, amid much joking about the very limited supply of crockery, and, as "many hands make light work," supper was soon ready, and all gathered around the board.

As Mrs. Barton poured out the coffee, which was rich and fragrant, Sam Bartle remarked:

"A pitcher of cream would be about the thing to hev now, wouldn't it? I've got a couple of cows out on the prairie. Some of the settlement folks has been taking keer of 'em, but I'll bring 'em home to-morrow, an' we'll hev milk an' butter right along."

When supper was over and the table cleared off, Mrs. Barton said:

"Now, my kind friend, I will tell you how my daughter and I happened to fall into the hands of those desperate men. But I must begin back a little and tell you something of our history, or you will not understand how we came to be out on the prairie alone."

"I'm anxious to hear, mum," answered Sam, hitching his chair close to the fire, and preparing to light his pipe, which was soon in full blast, while he was all attention.

Philip and Katie, who were already good friends, sat near each other at one side of the table, and after a moment or two of consideration Mrs. Barton began her story.

CHAPTER V.

MRS. BARTON'S STORY.

"MY husband died about three years ago," said Mrs. Barton. "We had but one child, Katie. I lived in a small town in Illinois, and near me lived a married sister. My brother-in-law I always thought to be a very good sort of a man, though very visionary and apt to be taken up with every new plan or enterprise that he chanced to hear of.

"For two or three years he talked of nothing so much as of 'Going West.' He wanted to go to California, and finally persuaded his wife and family to consent to go.

"Then my sister begged me to accompany them, and after talking the matter over a number of times, I concluded to do so. I was poor—that is, I owned a comfortable home, but nothing else. After my husband's death I supported myself and daughter by keeping boarders.

"Well, I succeeded in selling my house and lot. I bought a good wagon and a pair of horses, as did my brother-in-law. After packing the wagons with such things as we most desired to take with us, we sent them by railroad and river as far as Omaha.

"In Omaha we remained about a week, purchasing supplies and making preparations for the long overland journey. At this place my brother-in-law made acquaintance with a lot of emigrants that were about ready to set out in our own direction, and he decided in glowing terms of the great advantage it would be to us to join their train and have the protection of numbers in crossing the plains.

"We were glad of company, and anticipated much pleasure in having so large a party. But when my sister and I came to see the emigrants, we found them to be people whose society would be anything but agreeable. In fact, they were mostly foreigners of a low class, and we made no attempt to be sociable with them. Neither did my brother-in-law seek to have us so; but, on the contrary, seemed to avoid intercourse with them for us, though he mingled freely with them himself, and was quite intimate with two or three men that seemed to be looked up to as leaders by the others.

"Before we had been out many days I began to suspect something wrong, but kept my own counsel, for my sister's health was delicate, and I did not wish to cause her unnecessary uneasiness, and my suspicions were too vague to take definite shape.

"Finally my sister became sick, and all of my attention was taken up with her. She became weaker and weaker every day, until, after two weeks' of suffering, she died. Her two sons—her only children—her husband, myself and Katie, stopped by the wayside when we found she must die, and there we buried her in a lonely spot that none of us will ever see again. After she was buried, we resumed our journey, and by the next day had overtaken the train. I was wearied out with watching and tending my sister, and was, besides, so heart-sick on account of my sister's death, that I paid but little attention to anything.

"Katie and I often rode alone in our wagon, for I can drive well enough, though sometimes one of my nephews would drive for us.

"One day one of the men that I had noticed my brother-in-law to be the most intimate with came to our wagon and offered to drive for us. We declined, but he came again and again, and I began to notice that he was trying to make himself agreeable to Katie—a mere child! I was very indignant, and spoke to my brother-in-law about it, but he only laughed and refused to interfere. I now became more watchful and observing, and soon found out that he was a very bitter Mormon, and bound for Salt Lake! I spoke about it to my brother-in-law, and he acknowledged that it was so, and that he himself was a Mormon. I demanded my money, which I had placed in his care, and told him that I would leave the train. He refused to give me the money, which was only a few hundred dollars, and told me that both myself and Katie were already selected by good, well-to-do men that would take care of us and would see that we did not secede from the company we were with.

"I explained your situation to Katie, and we determined to escape, but for some days we were so closely watched that we found no chance.

"Finally, three days ago, we came to a deep and rapid stream that was to be forded.

"There was a steep bank on the opposite side, and it was a very difficult ford. Besides, it was almost dark—later than they usually went into camp, and the creek was rising rapidly. We were the last of the train; my nephews both offered, and almost insisted, upon getting into our wagon to drive over, but I refused, saying that I was not afraid, and would do as well alone.

"I had made up my mind not to cross at all. I believed that if I could delay until the darkness increased a little I could get away from them. I got out of the wagon and examined the harness and the horses, as if to make sure that all was safe before venturing into the water.

"I was as slow and deliberate as possible, and as the dark clouds rolled up from the south and west, the darkness increased rapidly. Fortune favored me, too. One of the teams on the bank near the fording place became unruly, and backed and slipped on the wet declivity, so as to create quite confusion for several moments, and during that time, while all was tumult and noise, I drove rapidly off down the creek and succeeded in getting round a short curve in the stream without being noticed.

"A low growth of cottonwoods grew here and all along the banks, as far as I could see. Once around I had hid and we were hidden from view. I lashed the poor horses on until we came to a spot which I thought would be a good hiding-place. An immense cottonwood had fallen to the ground, and all around it had grown up a perfect thicket of tangled bushes and young trees. I drove in behind it, right on the bank of the stream, and could only just see my way. Here we stopped and listened. We heard men shouting and calling to each other, and once they came so near that I heard what they said.

"It was one of my nephews and the man who had persecuted us with his attentions.

"'They may have tried to cross further up than the ford and been swept away,' my nephew said.

"'As we can't see anything of the wagon, it may be they did.'

"I heard no more, but waited half an hour. Then putting the lines in Katie's hands, I got out to the heads of the horses and led them carefully out into the open prairie. We traveled on for several hours. Then the moon came up and the sky cleared, and we stopped for food and rest. The horses were pretty well tired out. We fed them and picketed them close to the wagon, and then, after eating something ourselves, we lay down to rest.

"Long before sunrise we were on our way again. On and on for weary hours! We knew not where we were. Was it not a strange situation for two lonely women, or, rather, for a woman and a child?"

Sam Bartle took his pipe out of his mouth and slowly remarked:

"I reckon you've both on you got—purty—good—grit!"

Mrs. Barton, who for some time had been trying to repress a tendency to cough, could no longer refrain, and Katie joined in the chorus.

Philip, understanding the trouble better than the cause of it did, rose from his seat and opened the door.

Sam inquired, innocently, if "the house was too warm?"

Philip ventured to answer that there was "not much fire, but a good deal of smoke!"

In fact, the atmosphere within the cabin was blue with the rankest of tobacco-smoke; but it took the old man several moments to comprehend the state of affairs, and when at length he did so, he was extremely mortified, and put his pipe hastily away.

"I ort to her asked of tobacker was agreeable to you women-folks," he remarked, in tones of apology; "but I've lived alone so long that I've forgot what good manners is!"

"We are all right now," said Mrs. Barton, good-naturedly, "and I will go on with my story."

"We had got so far off the road generally traveled by emigrant-trains and by the stage-coaches, that we could not find it again, nor any other trail to be a guide. I tried to travel steadily toward the northwest, and after having traveled on in our lost and bewildered way until this morning—the third day—we struck what seemed to be a pretty well-marked trail.

"About two o'clock we halted by the side of a small ravine, where we expected to find wood and water, and were making preparations to camp, when those two men and one other darted out from the hollow before us, seized us, tied us hand and foot, and demanded our money.

"I told them we had no money, but they did not believe us, and began at once to ransack the wagon to find its supposed hiding-place. They took out article after article, examined it and then threw it into the ravine; when they had thus emptied the wagon they dragged it to a convenient point and tumbled it in, too.

"They now threatened to strip us, saying that we had our money around our bodies in belts; I offered to swear solemnly that we had no money, and told them that we had been traveling in company with a large train and that our money was there.

"They appeared to be convinced; I suppose they could not otherwise account for our being in such a place alone. They consulted together a while, and as they made no effort to keep their plans from us, I learned, by listening, what they intended to do.

"One of them was to take the horses to a secret haunt of theirs in the hills about twenty miles further on. When they were rested and fattened up, they would bring a good price. The other two men—the two you found here—said they knew of an empty cabin near by, to which they would take us, and where they would keep us until midnight, when they could safely cross the country to the same place of rendezvous.

"What our fate would have been if you, good friends, had not rescued us, God only knows!"

"I felt it in my bones all arternoon that I was wanted here," remarked Bartle, complacently. "Arter Phil 'ere quit the stage-coach an' took to footin' it across to this 'ere claim o' mine we went along mighty easy and keerless-like till to-day. It seemed like that was somethin' urgin' me on all to once, an' I smelt divilry soon as ever I got sight on the cabin. However, it's all right now; I'm contented, of the rest be."

Mrs. Barton looked grave.

"My good friend," she said, "you don't quite realize what my situation is. In truth, I can scarcely realize it myself. We are two helpless creatures, without kith or kin, in a wild, new country, robbed of all our little property, homeless and penniless."

"Not by a durned sight! There! that's my bad manners ag'in; but that' ain't no style about me, an' I'm too old to learn. What I war a-goin' to say war this: This cabin is your home till you kin find a better. I'm old enough, an' 'sperienced enough, an' ugly enough to be your father, fur a spell, any way. Phil an' me'll git your wagon outen that ravine, an' gather up the traps them vagabones throwed overboard, an' we'll hev them horses of yourn here in our log stable afore you're a week older."

"And if I am entitled to a share of the reward offered for the capture of the horse-thieves, I will give it to you, Mrs. Barton; you need it, and deserve it, too, more than I," said Phil, quietly.

"That's the talk, Phil! Didn't I tell you, mum, that this 'ere boy I've took to eddicate is a boy as hes got the right kind o' grit?"

CHAPTER VI.

AN UNCOMFORTABLE NIGHT.

THE next morning proved the beginning of a delightful Indian Summer day. After an early breakfast, Mr. Bartle and Philip took Doll to be used as a pack-horse, and went over to the ravine to look up the scattered goods.

They found the wagon, much broken, and so wedged in among the trees and bushes growing thickly within the ravine, that they could not get it out without more help, and so left it to await another time.

The goods with which it had been stored were but little injured, and, a few at a time, were conveyed to the cabin upon old Doll's broad back.

By the time all this was accomplished, it was noon, and Mrs. Barton, with Katy's help, had a very appetizing dinner upon the table.

The cabin, too, had assumed a cozy, home-like air that had never pervaded it before. The low "loft" that extended over the one room below had been thoroughly swept and dusted, a neat carpet that was of Mrs. Barton's belongings was spread over the floor, and a bed arranged upon it for the two "invaders," as they called themselves. A low sewing-chair, a bright-hued or two upon the rough floor, a mirror and half a dozen pretty pictures suspended against the wall, a "store-box" converted into a table by being spread with a crimson cover and adorned with two or three books and a few knick-knacks, and a ruffled white curtain at the window, made the lower room quite a pretty place. At least so thought Philip and Sam Bartle as they came into dinner. The white table-cloth, too, was a luxury hitherto unknown in this rough, out-of-the-way cabin, but it seemed to impart a flavor to the plain food that it would have lacked eaten off of bare boards.

After dinner Philip and Katie took a little stroll on the prairie, and Mrs. Bartle availed herself of the occasion to have a "plain talk" with her kind host.

"You know, Mr. Bartle," said she, "that Katie and I cannot remain here for long. Of course you understand *that* as well as I do. Now, what do you advise me to do? I have my living to make, and I must have a home. I have no means with which to return to Illinois, even if it were not too late in the season to undertake it. Please advise me."

"Wal, I've been a-thinkin' about it all day. In course you know you're as welcome as birds in Spring to stay whar' you be. But I hev got an idee of how you feel about it, an' so I've been planning two or three ways for you to chose from.

"The first one is for you to go over to the settlement—Snaketown, we call it, though thar ain't no town ner no snakes, either, as I ever see—an' rent a room with some decent family thar. I'd thort of Jones's, 'cause he's gone to the mines, an' she's a clever sort of woman—and go to makin' dresses an' much-like garments for the miners. Seems they raised this hse an' cry about findin' gold over thar in the hills, thar's any amount of fellers crowdin' into the country, and thar's a demand fur wimmin's work. Them boys wouldn't think nothin' of ridin' twenty miles to get their clothes fixed up, and mebbe a bite of somethin' decent to eat."

"Wal, the next thing I've thort of is this: That's plenty of Government land right here. You kin take up a hundred an' sixty acres, an' without it's costin' more'n I'm prepared to see you through with; you kin fix the business, hev up a comfortable cabin, an' if the country settles up like the prospects air fair fur now, soon hev a good home an' a farm that'll bring a right smart pile of money if you want to sell it. In course, I'll stand by ye an' help ye through the tight places, and Phil—he's jest come out to this country to find a chance to make a livin'—mebbe might run your place fur ye. Thar's a heap of money in raisin' cattle—that's my business—an' he's jest the sort of a lively, go-ahead chap to go into it. You an' him might go sheers."

"If the latter plan could be carried out, I should like it best," replied Mrs. Barton, thoughtfully. "If I had my two good horses now——"

"Didn't I tell you, mum," interrupted Bartle, a little indignantly, "that them horses would be here in my stable in less'n a week?"

"You must not incur danger to recover them!" exclaimed Mrs. Barton, earnestly.

"Don't you be skeert on my account. But here comes the youngsters. Phil, it's about time fur us to be gittin' ready to strike out fur the hills!"

"Are you going to-day?" cried Mrs. Barton and Katie, both together.

"Inside of ten minutes," coolly replied Mr. Bartle.

"Phil, you take one o' them revolvers an' see that it's all O. K. I'm a-goin' to carry my rifle. We'll stuff a pound or so of grub into our pockets. And if you, Phil, can't leave twenty mile behind ye between this an' dark, you ain't the boy I think you be."

Within the prescribed time the two, "armed and equipped," set out upon their march across the prairie.

It was near nightfall when they arrived in the broken and hilly region they sought.

The found a sheltered spot, and sat down to rest and to eat the provisions they had brought with them.

After they had satisfied their hunger Bartle lit his pipe, and indulged in a good long smoke, and then he said:

"Now, Phil, you must be as cautious as a gopher. I've a purty good idee whar to look fur that chap. I hain't hunted cattle through these hills fur nothin'. If he hain't heerd of the capture of his pardners he may be roamin' round somewhar, but if he hes, why then he's close to home, watchin' and listenin' with all the eyes and ears he's got. So remember to foller me without any clatter, an' do jest as I tell ye."

It was now almost dusk, and the two advanced cautiously among the rocks and bushes.

For half an hour they went forward as rapidly as the nature of the ground would permit; then they found themselves close to a spot that was wilder and drearier than anything Philip had ever before seen. A huge rock seemed to hang suspended in the air, its bristling sides overgrown with vines and bushes, while beneath it was a growth of dense vegetation, almost entirely concealing the foundation from which it towered.

"Now, boy, it'll be darker'n black cats in here; you just stick to my heels close as beeswax!" whispered Bartle. "There's a sort of an alley in here, an' at the far end of it there's a cave as big as a first-class meetin'-house. Now, that ar is the identical place whar I reckon to find the animals, an' thief that stole 'em!"

They advanced slowly, feeling their way, until at length they saw a faint light glimmering through the gloom, but a few rods ahead of them.

Here Bartle stopped, and in cautious tones gave directions to his companion.

"You stay right here till I creep up closer and reconnoiter. There may be a nestful of the purty birds, for all that I know. When you hear the 'to-hoo!' of an owl come on."

Philip crouched as close as possible against the rocks, every faculty alert, his eyes fixed upon the faint glimmer of light toward which Sam Bartle was creeping.

It seemed to him that hours passed by while he waited, and he could scarcely restrain his impatience to rejoin his friend.

Not a sound was to be heard, save the occasional swirl of the wind in the tree-tops far above him on some neighboring hillside.

At length a thunderous report echoed through the pass, he heard the loud "to-hoo!" and he darted forward on the instant.

But before he had taken many steps, he blundered, stumbled and fell. Where was the light that had guided him? It was no longer to be seen!

He groped around in the darkness for a moment, and then thinking himself once more in the right path, he made his way forward as rapidly as possible.

But the road grew more and more rugged and difficult as he proceeded; his feet slipped down rough and rocky slopes, and finally he came plump against a perpendicular rock that seemed to bar all further progress.

He called "to-hoo, to-hoo!" but there was no reply; he waited and listened, but could hear nothing to reassure or to guide him. The darkness was something terrible, it was so intense.

Once or twice he thought his hands came in contact with noxious reptiles, as he groped about. Finally, he called to Sam Bartle, at first cautiously, and then more and more loudly. Nothing answered him but the echo of his own voice, excepting once he thought he heard a growl or snarl, as of some wild beast.

Philip was a brave boy, but his was a terrible situation, and his heart began to beat so fast within his bosom, that sometimes it seemed as if it would smother him.

For at last he began to comprehend his desperate flight. He was lost! And surrounded by horrors that he could only guess at, and by dangers that he could not see.

Oh, the horrors of utter darkness and utter solitude combined!

He dropped upon the ground and tried to think. After a time his self-possession and courage came back to him sufficiently to allow him to come to some conclusion as to what he should do.

He determined not to advance any further or change his position at all, for there might be peril to life and limb in moving about where every step must be taken in uncertainty.

He believed that when morning came, sufficient light would penetrate into his retreat to allow him to explore it and to find his way out.

The prospect of spending the night alone in so dreary and comfortless a place was dreadful enough; but he believed he could endure it without giving way to terror, and, like the brave fellow he was, he determined to make the best of a bad predicament, and fixing himself as comfortably as he could, he endeavored to sleep.

Poor boy! He had walked twenty miles since noon, and *this* was his chance for repose!

CHAPTER VII.

'A RIDE TO THE HILLS.

ABOUT noon the next day Mrs. Barton and Katie, who were on the lookout for the adventurers, not knowing how long a time they might be absent, descried Mr. Bartle riding one horse and leading another, coming at a slow pace over the prairie.

"Where can Philip be?" said Mrs. Barton.

Katie made no reply, but looked anxiously in the direction from which Mr. Bartle was making his appearance; but when he passed the cabin and rode around to the stable, she remarked:

"Something unfortunate has happened, I know. Didn't you notice how serious he looked?"

"He is tired, perhaps; let us hurry up the dinner."

Dinner was on the table by the time Mr. Bartle entered the cabin, and he exclaimed:

"No place like home, I declare! Particularly when that's a first-class cook on the premises. I hain't had no breakfast, an' my stomach has been cryin' 'cupboard' this good while."

"Well, dinner is ready; we were watching for you, and thought you would be hungry. You really did succeed in recovering the horses. I am very thankful, and shall be glad to repay you if I ever can," said Mrs. Barton.

"Where is Philip?" now inquired Katie, no longer able to keep back the question.

"I don't know whar' the boy is. Thought mebbe he might be here, though I didn't like to b'lieve he'd cleared out and left me without lettin' me know it. I'm skeered he's met with some kind of a circumstance, but what in thunderation 'tis, beats me!"

"How did it happen that you became separated?" inquired Mrs. Barton.

"I'll tell ye all I know about it after I've filled up this holler inside o' me. A man that's rid twenty miles, with an empty stomach for company, can't keep his mind from runnin' on victles, no how he can fix it."

It took a long time to fill the "holler," but it was finally accomplished, and Bartle filled his pipe, as usual, but took the precautionary measure of seating himself on the doorstep, and blowing his whiffs of smoke outside the cabin.

"I had a purty good idee afore ever I started out what I'd find the critters. I went ter look fur. I've traveled them hills an' prairies over kindo' a dozen o' times, I reckon, huntin' stray cattle an' in the way o' business generally, an' I've diskivered a good many queer places that I never said nothin' about. From things I'd seen, I was certain that this particular place was used to hide stolen horses in.

"You see, 'tis a big cave under a hill; leadin' to it is a crooked sort of a tunnel, partly under ground and partly through a tangle of trees an' bushes, ar' vines an' rocks that would puzzle an Injun to find his way through the first time he tried it. Wa', I knew the trail well enough, an' we crept through it mighty cautious till we was purty nigh the mouth of the cave, an' then I told Phil to step right whar' he was, an' never move an inch till I signaled him. Then was a light burnin' inside, so I knew the gentleman what took the animals in was probably thar, and mebbe had company, so I wanted to slip up an' recomputter. I diskivered him settin, lookin' as blue as a half-storm in July, tryin' to amuse himself with a pack of keerds. Seein' he was alone, I thought mebbe I could capture him without usin' much harshness, so I hollered out as if thar was a regiment behind me, 'Surrender, or we'll blow you ter'matus out!'

"He made nary surrender. He had his pistols in his hands afore you could a-winked, and fired. The balls whizzed purty close to my ears, an' I saw to onct that I was in for it. I give Phil the signal we'd agreed on, an' fired my rifle, waitin' for no further particulars. He screeched and dropped his firearms, an' I rushed in an' grabbed him.

"He was middlin' bad hurt, but no whar's near killed, so I fixed him up as well as I could, an' secured him so he couldn't take leg-bail while I was explorin' his residence.

"I began to wonder why Phil didn't make his appearance, an' as soon as I had fixed my captive to my satisfaction an' had taken a look at the animals, I horred a lantern that the feller had a-light, and started out to hunt him up.

"Wal, the long an' the short o' the story is, he wasn't to be found. I explored that hull region an' never give it up till nigh sun-up. Then I worked my way out with the horses and started for home, goin' round by Snaketown to tell 'em whar they'd find another horse-thief an' they might claim a reward on."

"Where can the boy be?" exclaimed Mrs. Barton.

"Something has happened—something dreadful, I know, for Philip would never have deserted you willingly at such a time of danger—he's not that kind of a boy!" cried Katie.

"That's so, my girl—that's what puzzles me! If Phil hain't got the grit to stand by a friend, who in natur' has?"

"What will you do now?" asked the girl, anxiously.

"I'm goin' to set out in a few minutes to go over the ground ag'in. If you'll fix up some bread an' meat I'll take it along, for I may not git back afore to-morrow an' I don't want to waste time a-huntin' an' a-cookin'."

"Mother, I'm going, too. May I? Don't say no; remember how much he has done for us. He may be hurt and suffering among those rocks, with no one to help him. Two pairs of eyes are better than one, and Mr. Bartle will take care of me."

"It seems like I didn't take very good care o' him," growled Bartle to himself.

"If I thought you would be a help and not a hindrance, you might go. You are accustomed to rough experience of late."

And poor Mrs. Barton sighed as she looked at her pretty, young daughter, and remembered what she had endured and what her future life was likely to be.

Katie waited for no further permission, but flew at her preparations at once. Food was put up, wraps were put on, a side-saddle was brought forth for Prince Black's back, and almost as soon as her secret thought she was ready.

Bartle rode Doll, and, as a matter of course, carried his ever faithful rifle. He was also supplied with a couple of lanterns and a box of friction matches. A blanket or two was strapped on behind his saddle, and a small flask of brandy occupied the inside pocket of his coat.

"Taint every girl that would undertake to ride twenty miles of an afternoon, with the prospect of trampin' around all night arter it," remarked Mr. Bartle, as they started across the prairie.

"I can do it, though; you can depend upon me," said Katie, with a proud toss of her head.

The two then, without more words, gave rein to their horses, and they, striking into a steady canter, soon took their riders out of sight of the lone watcher in the cabin they were leaving behind them.

On and on they rode for three good hours.

The short Autumn afternoon was beginning to decline when they reached the spot where Bartle and Philip had stopped to refresh themselves the evening before.

Here they dismounted, and picketed their horses and ate their frugal supper.

"We've a purty good spell afore us between now an' dark," said Bartle, "an' we may as well be makin' the most of it."

"Very well; I'm ready," replied Katie, resolutely. "You must tell me what to do and I will do it."

"Wal, we'll keep our eyes open an' watch out from this on; but when we git into that tunnel we'll light our lanterns an' examin' every stone an' bush big enough to hide a gopher; you take one side an' I'll take the other. We won't separate, neither; don't you lose sight o' me for half a minute."

"I don't intend to. But give me my lantern and some matches, so that if we *should* get separated I can have a light."

They now went rapidly forward and reached the subterranean alley before the sun had set. As soon as they entered it they struck a light, and went slowly forward in the manner before agreed upon.

It was tolisome work, scrambling through bushes, climbing over rocks, deviating here and there, wherever there seemed to be an unexplored nook or a chance for a hiding-place. But all in vain. No signs of the lost boy could be found, and they had nearly reached the end of the passage. But all at once Katie gave a little scream and stood stock-still, grasping a low bush in one hand, while she held her lantern aloft in the other, peering with wide-open eyes beyond the bush she clutched in her grasp.

"What is it?" cried Bartle, springing to her side.

It was an opening in the earth just behind the clump of bushes. The aperture was almost like an ordinary cellar-way, and the earth was crumbled about its edges, as if it had been used as a passage to further subterranean depths.

"You're a captain, Katie Barton, you are! I've been over this track more'n once an' I never diskivered *that trap!* It's right clust here somewheres that I left him, too, Tarberation! If I don't b'lieve he slipped in here in the darkness an' is lost in some o' them underground rat-holes that run through these hills!"

"Is it a very dangerous place?" asked Katie, kneeling down and peering into the opening.

Mr. Bartle looked grave, and ear scratched his head reflectively before he answered.

"I ain't no ways sure but what it's a bear's den. It looks uncommon like it. If you will agree to stay right what you be till I come back I'll go down a piece in the way o' her, and see if it looks like."

"You won't go one step without me. Was not that our agreement? You must stick to your bargain, Mr. Bartle."

"Wal, of all the girls for grit that ever I see, you beat 'em all! Now keep the dust out o' your eyes an' look sharp."

"My eyes are all right, Mr. Bartle," interrupted Katie, with a strong accent upon the pronoun.

"You're a sharp one," laughed Bartle. "But serious, now; we may be gittin' into the biggest kind of a scrape, an' we must be mighty watchful. I'll go ahead, an' you foller close to my heels."

They descended through the aperture, and examined the earth around them. Marks of footsteps could be plainly seen.

"He travelled in here, sure enough, I reckon. What can he have done with himself?"

"Here are tracks leading both ways, out as well as in," said Katie, who was still stooping over the ground, examining it closely by the light of her lantern.

"So there is! He's found his way out, if him it was that made these marks."

"Shall we return, or go further in?"

"We'll look about a bit, an' see what kind of a den this is."

They crept along the low, damp passage, calling Philip's name and searching for traces of his having been there, until they found that they could go no further.

The way became so broken, and the overhanging rocks so low, that it was evident no person could have penetrated much beyond where they were.

They retraced their steps as expeditiously as possible, and were soon out of the place and in the upper passage.

"Now, we'll make straight for the big cave. We could find his way thar from here easy enough by daylight."

'Twas but a few rods distant, but the mouth of the cave was so concealed that no one not knowing of its existence would have imagined themselves in such a vicinity.

Sam Bartle seemed in such good spirits that Katie began to feel quite hopeful.

"That boy allers lights on his feet when anything happens to him. I b'lieve in luck! He'll come out o' this scrape all right, an' somethin' to carry; see if he don't."

As they neared the mouth of the cave they noticed what they would have seen sooner, had not they each been carrying a lantern, that there was a light within, which gleamed faintly through the screen of bushes.

"Don't let's have no rashness," whispered Mr. Bartle, catching Katie by the arm and holding her back, as she would have rushed right in without any precaution. "We don't know yit who is occupyin' this thief's hotel, you must let me reconnoiter."

But just then a voice was heard within singing. They both knew it, and rushed forward without waiting for the proposed reconnoitre.

An unexpected sight met their eyes.

[To be continued.]

"Phil Terry's Grit" was commenced in No. 686.

THE SUN-DANCE OF THE SIOUX.

THE annual Sun-dance of the Sioux is one of the most interesting, but at the same time most barbarous, dances known. It takes place about the end of June, and is always largely attended.

The last time that it took place, forty-eight candidates passed through the terrible ordeal of self-torture, then becoming braves, in full diplomas as warriors of unquestioned bravery.

The ceremony is as follows: The candidate for honors cuts two longitudinal slits down each breast, and under the strip of skin and flesh inclosed by the incisions one end of a lariat is passed and tightly tied. The other end of the lariat is then made fast to the top of a high pole, and the candidate throws himself backward, with his weight upon the lariat.

The dance then goes on until the flesh gives way.

Should he fail to break loose in the manner prescribed, or should he faint during the operation, he is for ever disgraced.

Of course such activities are perfectly atrocious, and we only illustrate it with a view of showing how happy we should be that we are not living in the same state of brutality as the great Sioux Nation.

IN THE "SHADES OF DEATH."

"UNCLE SILE" REEVES belongs properly in the woods of Potter County, Pa., but he pays occasional visits to the mountains of Pike, Wayne and Monroe Counties, among which he was born and raised. For fifty years he has been a hunter and trapper, and now, at the age of sixty-five, he hasn't lost any of the skill of his younger days. His favorite hunting-ground is Northeastern Pennsylvania, in the Pocono Region, on the borders of Monroe and Pike. He came to Honesdale on the Salem stage to take the Erie Railway for Potter County, and was interviewed by a reporter, who is almost as truthful a man as the old hunter himself.

"I had a tol'ble lively time Chris'mas Day in th' Shades o' Death," said Uncle Sile. "an' I think I'd laugh m'self t' death yit 'f I hadn't lost two o' th' best dogs 't ever made music in th' woods, 'r chawed a bar's guilet t' fiddle-strings in a rough-an'-tumble.

"There are dense forests of hemlock and beech, and intricate laurel swamps and tangled thickets, where the Lehigh and Wallenpaupack Rivers have their sources, on the borders of Wayne, Pike, Luzerne and Monroe Counties. The wilderness lies directly in the course taken by the fugitives from Wyoming, in 1778. Within its treacherous and pathless depths many of them—men, women and children—met death from starvation and exposure, or fell victims to wild beasts. Those who escaped from the wilderness, and reached the settlements on the Delaware, called it the "Shades of Death." Lumbermen and tanners have made great inroads upon its forests during the past forty years, but it still affords secure haunts for wild animals of various kinds, and is a favorite resort for the hunter and hound.

"They'd been talk in th' lumber camps o' the Pocono o' some b'ar a-hangin' 'roun' Red Brook swamp f'r a week 'r so," said Uncle Sile; "'n I'd been a-thinkin' t' m'self t' I'd take Towse an' Majo 'n branch out that way some day, 'n see 't they was much sign o' him, 'n if the way it 'peared he had any pluck, t' have a hall day 'r so's reecrysash with 'em, just f'r a change o' diet, as I hadn't killed nothin' stronger'n a cattymount f'r a year 'n better, bein's b'caase bar was sca'ce 'n mules' cuts out in Potter last year, 'n bigness 'n' sense 'n' killin' bein' th' fallenin' it f'r two days clean miles in'ther county, 'n then comin' up to 't sixty miles fr'm home, ketch'd in a trap t' b'longed t' a nigger mule-driver fr'm th' big tan'ry, 'n he'd killed it 'n wore skin' th' hide off'n 't when I fotch'd up ag'in him. 'Twa'n't th' losin' 'r th' b'ar 't cut me s' much, but if think he sh'd kep' shet o' my drawin' a bead on him f'r a' long, t' come t' seech 'n ignoomous end 't' be ketch'd in a nigger's trap, 'n then shot 'n peeled by the nigger hisself, 'n him a mule-driver to a bark-wagon.

"Niggers 'n mo ain't been no kind o' friends ever sence th' time 't Deacon Foster, which were a hab-bylish'nist in Wayne County forty years ago, got me t' take a slave 's had sk nned out fr'm Mar'land, 't keep him in my cabin up 'long th' Lackawack, so's no one k'd find him 'f he were follor'd. I kep' him f'r three weeks, 'n fed him on the fat 'o the land, 'n then he disembark'd f'r Canndy, 'r some other cussed place, one night, takin' with him forty dollars' worth o' skins 'n a rifle o' mine, 't fifty dollars, 'n a rifle-stock' worth much more couldn't a got up a swap with me for no day in th' week.

"Th' day 'fore Chris'mas, Chet Parsons, which 's a lumberman at Pocono settlement, come t' me with his eyes bizzer'n the butt-end of a powder-horn, 'n said he'd jes' see a b'ar th' size 'v a heifer-stear th' road 'n the foot o' Bald Hill, 'n go off inter Red Brook Swamp.

"'He looked 's if he'd like t' hev a piece out'n me f'r his dinner,' said Chet, 'n I run the mules all the way back.'

"All right,' says I, 'Chet, I'll g' out t'-mor' 'n hev a-many Chris'mas with ol' bruin, 'n mebbe you k'n hev a piece out'n him.'

"'Bout 'n hour arter sun-up, Chris'mas mornin', me 'n my gun 'n Majo 'n Towse started f'r th' swamp. Honest Ing'n. I wouldn't a took a dairy farm 'n them two dogs. Guv'n'r Geary used t' hunt in Potter County nearly every Fall till he tuk sick. Th' las' time he was out there I stood him on a runway, 'n druv three deer straight to him. He killed two of 'em—a big doe 'n a half-grow'd fawn. He left 'n happy over 't 's th' high man 't a turkey eats. Two weeks arter'd he sent me a pup, 'n that pup grow'd up t' be Majo. A wild turkey hen with h'r nest stole never felt no wuss 'n I do t' g' back t' Potter 'thout that dog.

"Th' place where Chet see the b'ar 's three mile, good, fr'm th' settlement. They'd been five 'r six inches o' snow on 't 'n' it 'd frore 't a solid crust, so t' that they'd come 'n inch 'r so more o' snow. Sure 'nough, 't th' foot o' Bald Hill, there was th' b'ar's tracks leadin' inter th' swamp. Th' dogs foller'd 't 's tight 's they k'd go. I thought 't 'd be more'n likely they'd fetch th' game out 'g'in on th' same side 't he went in, so I jogged 'long a piece furder. Ten rod ahead I foun' a big b'ar's tracks a comin' out'n th' swamp, 'n goin' over t'ords Sweet Flag Pond. I thought t' myself 't th' ol' cuss'd come out o' the swamp durin' th' night, 'n gone back t' his nest in the mountain. Thinks't th' dogs 'd be out pooty quick, I followed th' track 'thout 'em. The b'ar 'd gone straight t' th' pond, 'n then half way 'round 't, 'n then right up th' side o' Bald Hill, half a mile from the swamp.

"I know'd every inch o' th' ground there, for I'd hunt'd 't a hundred times. Fifty-two years ago, when I were a-comin' thirteen-year-ol', I killed m' fust deer in Sweet Flag Pond. They was game in th' woods then, I reck'n. Deer run in droves like cattle, 'n 'fore I was 'r age I'd bung up 's many 's thirteen deer in one day. I see a buck 'n a doe onc'et standin' in th' edge o' Rocky Hill Pond, over in Pike County. I was t' wind'rd of 'em, 'n got pooty nigh 'em. The buck was nighest to me, 'n the doe was standin' right in the line, ten foot furder on. The ol' he feller he was a-pawin' th' yarth up an' tearin' up the bushes like a steer in th' wheat. The doe was lookin' at him 's if sh' thought they wan't no other buck in th' hull woods 't k'd prance 'round anything like 's fine 's he could. Pooty soon th' ol' feller settled hisself on all his feet. I hauled up m' rifle 'n drew fine on him. 'B-a-a-n-g!' she went. 'T 's kick me from h'yer t' th' depot 'f I didn't put th' ball clean through the buck's lights, 'n out'n his other side, 'n inter th' doe's heart, 'n through 't 'n out'n her body, 'n killed a fawn 't I hadn't seen, which stood 'long-side 'n mother, b'y-and. They were worth while rammin' powder 'n lead 'n one days.

"Well, th' b'ar went up th' side o' th' hill, 'n I follered. 'Twa'n't very steep where he went up, 'n 'bout a hundred yard fr'm the bottom I found him holed in a cave in th' rocks. I see I'd have t' give th' gunnel' ol' cuss a house-warmin', 'f I got a sight 't him. T' allun do when a b'ar's in his den. I piled up a lot o' hemlock boughs in th' mouth o' th' cave 'n set 'em afire. The smoke rolled down t' give th' b'ar a benefit. They can't stand smoke in their dens, but they're too cunnin' t' come a-rushin' out all 't once. In less'n half a minit I see th b'ar's nose come a-pokin' up t' th' open'n', 'n swash' come one 'v his paws down on the fire, till 'twere all swashed out. I let some more hemlock. Poo'y quick up come th' b'ar t' put th' fire out again. But sure's yer aunt ain't yr uncle, 'twa'n't th' same b'ar. This time 'twere one 's he'd a-shot one.

"'I—yi!' I says. 'H'yer's a fam'ly party. I reckon.'

"A third fire in th' mouth o' th' den riled th' ol' boss b'ar, 'n he come a-tearin' up, 'n run right over th' fire, 'n some fr' me on his hind feet, with his jaws open like 'n allygat'r's, 'n 'n'red 's a round o' beef. I sent a bullet t' meet him, 'n he dropped 's if he'd run ag'n' a freight-train. But he didn't stay dropped. He had his pins under him ag'in in less 'n no time, 'n come at me a-tearin'. I know'd t' th' blood in his eye th' once 't he had 't had, but they wa'n't no doubt but he'd make 't lively f'r me 'n he could while his lamp held out t' burn. I didn't calc'late 't he'd git away with me alone, but I didn't want t' make a mus'kyatty o' lookin' out f'r two b'ars 't once, 'n th' chances was 't th' fawn 'd fetch th' cuss's ride o' th' house out f'r t' take a hand in. I dropped m' gun 'n went inter th' b'ar with m' short-handled ax. 'I didn't take many clips o' that over his skull t' tumble him on the snow, 'though 't were tough work keepin' m' feet on th' crust.

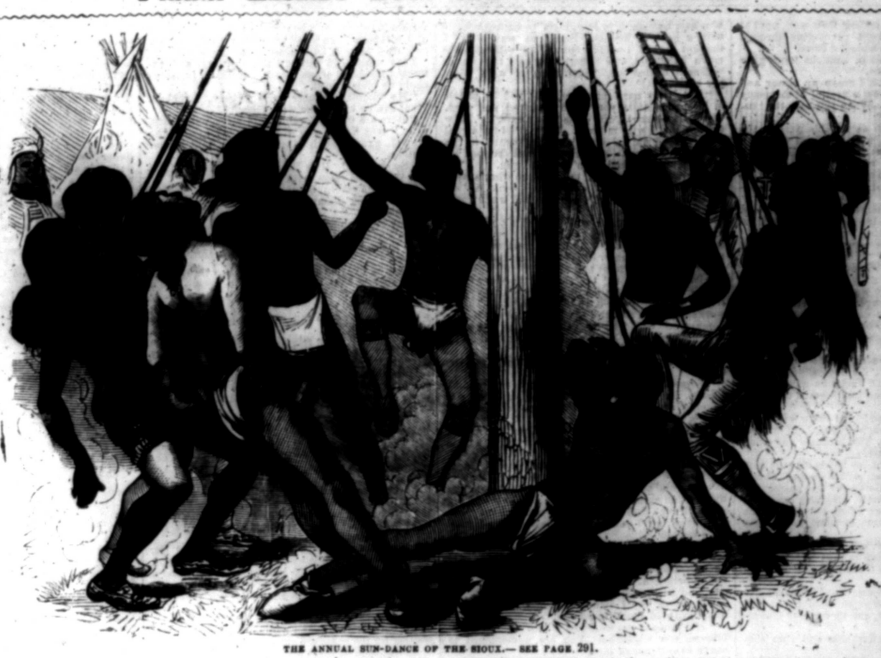
"'Sure 's yer life,' th' ol' feller didn't make up her mind t' come out till I was givin' th' boss his finishin' touches, 'n he were layin' 's dead's Pompey's coon, which were shot, pizened and drownded. Th' ol' feller 'd gi' me one good clip on th' shoulder 'n one on th' cheek, 'f I didn't have time t' grab m' gun when th' b'ar come out, 'n 'n I wouldn't a-done any good, f'r 't wan't loaded. Th' ax was what I had t' do th' business with. There was quite a level place in front o' the cave, but off t' th' left the ground pitched off steep f'r a hundred yard t' a ledge 'bout twenty feet high, which run perp'ndic'lar from th' edge o' the pond. Th' she-b'ar were uglier 'n sin. She walked right inter me 'n less time 'n I 'n tell ye; we was down in th' snow t'gether, a-poundin', a-gougin', 'n bitin' 'n growlin'. 'S we rassled 'r rolled we worked t'wards th' edge o' th' hill. Thinks I, 't we ever go down on that crust t'gether, 'n I'm under, I ain't with a gun-wad. 'S we go t' th' edge o' th' pitch I was straddle 'v th' b'ar, 's she lay square on her back. She grabbed me with both forelegs right round the waist, 'n I stow'd the handle o' my ax crossways in her mouth, 'n grabbed one hand hold 'v it on one side 'v her jaw 'n one on 'tother. Jes' then we went over the pitch.

"When I were a youngster I used t' ride down

hill on th' crust. A bundle o' straw, 'r a butter-bowl, 'r a shingle 'd take a feller down hill like greased lightnin'. But nobody never had such a ride as me 'n that b'ar. There wan't nothin' t' stop us. Th' b'ar's head p'inted down-hill, 'n her body were rolled up almost inter a ball. T' say 't we went kitin' down that hill don't git 'thin gunshot 'r it. It were jes' a w-h-i-z'-kerpiunk! 'N we was down that three hundred feet o' hill and into the pond, forty feet from shore. We went a' fast 't we didn't drop off the ledge, but kep' right on through th' air t'll we struck th' pond in a straight line fr'm th' top o' the hill, 'n if th' crust 'd been under us all th' time. Th' ice was seven inches thick on the pond. Th' b'ar struck on her head, breakin' her neck, 'n sav-in' me th' job o' finishin' her. The ice was broken f'r three rod 'round us, but 't were th' shaller side o' th' pond, 'n th' water wa'n't more'n a foot deep. T' took me 'bout half 'n hour t' find m' level, f'r I never had sech a shakin' up sence me 'n a catty-mount left the top 'v a hemlock-tree together, out in Potter, ten years ago, 'n found 't the sof' side 'v th' scrub-oak ridge wa'n't turned 't th' sun 'bout that time.

"Durin' all this time the dogs hadn't showed up yit. This were a sure sign 't th' b'ar-track they was follerin' wa'n't th' one made by the b'ar I'd followed. I warn't p'rtic'lar anxious t' git any more b'ar that day, f'r m' clothes was pooty nigh all tore off, 'n I were tol'ble sore in the immejit v'cin'ty o' th' j'ints. But I were oneasy 'bout th' dogs, so I dragged th' she-b'ar out'n th' pond, 'n started 'cross a neck o' th' swamp t' git on t'other side. 'For I got through th' swamp I heerd two rifle-shots off t' th' south, a mile 'r so away. I struck th' track o' the b'ar on t'other side o' the swamp. I went off t'ords where the shots was, 'n I followed th' track into a piece of hemlock-woods. Th' dogs had foller'd it, too. A little ways in th' woods 'n I see what the two shots meant. Th' b'ar was stretched dead in the snow, 'n two hunters from th' settlement was settin' on the carkis. Th' snow was all tore up and bloody for ten rod. Off t' one side laid ol' Maje, all ripped to pieces, 'n dead 's a nail. Towse was on t'other side, not chawed up s' bad, but jes' 's dead.

"I see how th' hull thing was to onct. Th' dogs 'd come t' th' b'ar, tackled it, 'n got beat. Th' men said 't they heerd the fight 's they was on th' edge o' th' woods, 'n they come in. They see Towse layin' off 't one side, dead. 'n Maje covered with blood, 'n his flesh hangin' off'n him like rags, was jes'en'd on t' th' b'ar's gullet. They shot th' b'ar, 'n then found 't Maje were dead. They couldn't skeercely git his death-chaw off'n th' b'ar. It nigh took m' heart out t' see ther dogs layin' there, all tore t' shoe-strings; but I see 't they died game, 'n that were a little saas-facsh'n."

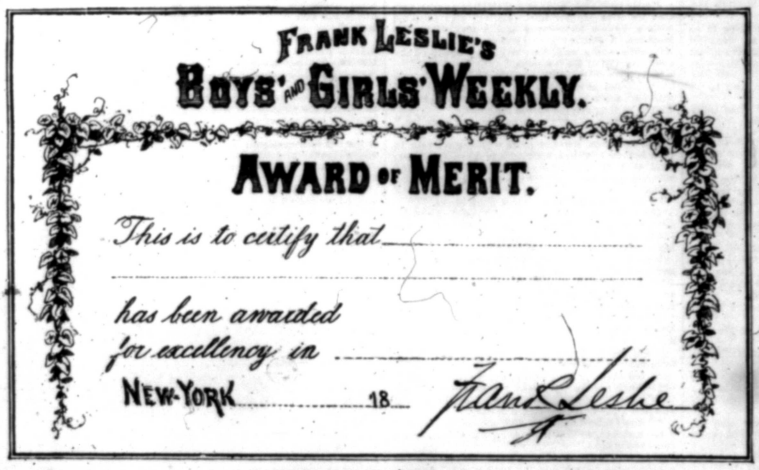


THE ANNUAL SUN-DANCE OF THE SIOUX.—SEE PAGE 291.

TRAVELING STONES.

MANY of our readers have doubtless heard of the famous traveling stones of Australia. Similar curiosities have recently been found in Nevada, which are described as almost perfectly round, the majority of them as large as a walnut, and of an irony nature. When distributed about upon the floor, table, or other level surface within two or three feet of each other, they immediately begin traveling toward a common centre, and there huddle up in a bunch like a lot of eggs in a nest. A single stone, removed to a distance of three and a half feet, upon being released at once started off with wonderful and somewhat comical celerity, to join its fellow; taken away four or five feet, it remained motionless. They are found in a region that is comparatively level, and is nothing but bare rocks. Scattered over this barren region are little basins, from a few feet to a rod or two in diameter, and it is in the bottom of these that the rolling stones are found. They are from the size of a pea to five or six inches in diameter. The cause of the stones rolling together is doubtless to be found in the material of which they are composed, which appears to be loadstone or magnetic iron ore.

IN THE "SHADES OF DEATH."—THE BEAR PUTTING OUT THE FIRE.—SEE PAGE 291.



THE FRANK LESLIE AWARD OF MERIT.

Young Pickwick's Schooldays.

CHAPTER LVII.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE SIEGE.

THE door gave way at length, and the boys peered in, Bob Fairfit showing a light.

They started back, mute with surprise.

The cellar was empty.

"What on earth can it mean?" cried Pickwick.

"It is, indeed, strange," said Dick.

They examined every corner of the cellar, but there was no other outlet, as far as they could see.

Suddenly they heard a heavy step upon the stairs.

"Hallos!" cried Bob Fairfit; "here's somebody coming."

The boys looked round and beheld Mrs. Hardtopp.

"Hush!" she whispered, putting her finger upon her lips. "Where's that nasty old doctor?"

"Locked up in the library," returned Pickwick.

"I'm glad to hear it," said Mrs. Hardtopp. "The Diddler is a-sitting in my kitchen. I came round when that beast of a Miffins went away and let him out."

"You are a jolly old girl," cried Pickwick, as he hurried into the kitchen.

The Diddler was sitting before the fire. He started up as his friends entered.

"Dear old boy!" cried young Pickwick, heartily, running up to the Diddler.

The Diddler shook hands with him in silence. He was too moved to speak.

"If the Diddler takes my advice," observed Mrs. Hardtopp, "he'll run away while he has got the chance."

"And if he takes my advice," said Pickwick, placing his hand upon his chum's shoulder, "he will stay and pay the doctor out."

"How is he going to do that?" said Mrs. Hardtopp.

"Easily enough," replied Pickwick. "Let the Diddler hide up in the attic, and they will think he has run away."

"Fine idea—very," cried the Diddler; "scour the country—can't find me—awful fright—and so on."

"A little later," continued Pickwick, "when we have got in grub and made our arrangement, we will take possession of the roof and defy the doctor."

"You always could get over me," observed Mrs. Hardtopp. "Well, I won't tell on yer, whatever yer do."

And she set about filling a large basket with solid food and dainties to solace the Diddler in his solitude.

He was soon after escorted to the attic by his friends.

"Now I'm off to release the doctor," cried Pickwick.

He jumped down the stairs three steps at a time.

"Hallos!" he cried, as he saw Mossy Morton cautiously making his way along the passage. "What are you doing here?"

"Shan't tell you," said Mossy.

"I know already," cried Pickwick, clutching him by the arm; "you were going to release the doctor on the sly, like a sneak, as you are."

"It was only my duty," responded Mossy Morton.

"I should like to punch your head," said Pickwick.

At this moment some one began thumping at the door of the library.

"You can go and let them out if you choose," said Pickwick, releasing Mossy.

"I consider it my duty," said Mossy Morton, for a second time, as he turned the key in the lock.

Out rushed Mr. Miffins.

"Take that, you young varmints!" he yelled, hitting the unlucky Mossy on the back.

"Oh, let me go," cried Mossy, running round in a circle.

"Not till I have marked yer," cried Miffins, banging away with right good will.

"This is what I get for letting you out," cried Mossy.

"For locking me in, you mean," retorted Miffins.

"I had nothing to do with that," said Mossy.

"Oh, yes," cried the enraged Miffins; "go and pitch your lies to somebody that can swallow them." And Miffins pushed Mossy down the passage with such violence that he carromed against Tom Ely, who was coming up the stairs, and they both rolled over together.

Miffins now turned his attention to Pickwick.

"Would you like a taste o' this?" he asked, holding out his huge fist.

"You are very generous, but I won't trouble you," said Pickwick, smiling. It was his custom.

"I'll make you laugh on the other side of your mouth," said Miffins, advancing.

But as he advanced Pickwick retreated. "Do you want to serve me as you did the Diddler?" he cried.

"I want to tan your hide," retorted Miffins, breaking into a run, just as the doctor and Mr. Parrot came forward to interfere.

"Oh, that's your game, is it?" cried Pickwick.

He dashed down-stairs, and out into the playground, closely followed by Miffins.

"A race! a race!" cried the boys, hurrying to the spot. "Go it, Pickwick!"

Round and round the playground ran young Pickwick, closely followed by Mr. Miffins.

But suddenly there was a loud outcry.

It came from within the school.

Miffins stopped running, and young Pickwick followed his example.

"What's up now?" cried Miffins, angrily; "some devilry of your'n, I suppose."

And he immediately made for the house.

"The Diddler has broken out of the coal-cellar," cried the doctor, coming to meet him.

"Where is he?" asked Miffins, beginning to take off his coat; "I'm just in the humor to have a row, and so I tell you."

"He is nowhere to be found," replied the doctor; "but I dare say he is not far off."

"Let's go and look arter him," cried Miffins.

"We will," said the doctor; "I'll order round the chaise directly."

"That's your sort," responded Miffins, snatching up a huge stick.

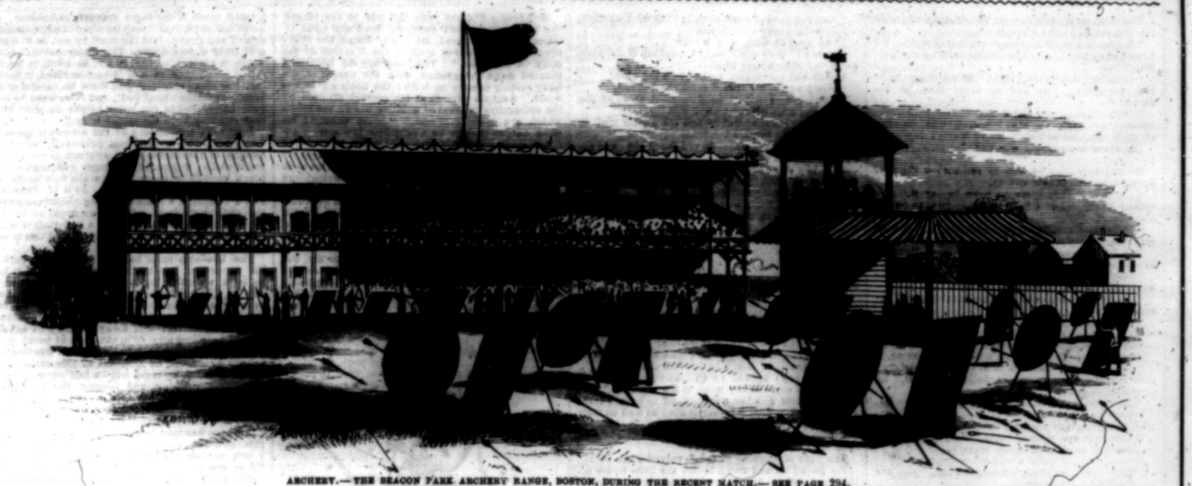
Not long after the yellow chaise with the light-blue wheels was brought round to the door, and the boys had the satisfaction of seeing the doctor and his friends drive off in search of the Diddler, who was snugly hidden behind some packing-cases in the attic.

The doctor had scarcely turned his back upon his pupils when they set about their preparations for the "barring out."

They were in high spirits.

"Won't Waddle storm and rave when he comes back from his wild goose chase and finds the door bolted!" said Bob Fairfit.

IN THE "SHADES OF DEATH."—"UNCLE SILE" GAGGING THE SEE-BEAR.



ARCHERY.—THE BEACON PARK ARCHERY RANGE, BOSTON, DURING THE RECENT MATCH.—SEE PAGE 294.

"I should think he would," returned Pickwick; "and serve him jolly well right."

"Who is to be our captain?" asked Fitzsham; "we must have a leader."

"Shall we draw lots?" asked Pickwick.

"No," said his friends, with one accord.

"Why not?"

"Because you are our leader, and we want no other."

"Well, I am quite willing, since you wish it," said Pickwick, his frank face beaming with smiles. "Now, my boys," he added, "who will volunteer to fetch some grub from the town?"

Tinkle and Bob Fairfit came forward.

Pickwick provided them with funds for the purchase of all necessaries.

The money earned by Doctor Diddler on the occasion of the fat boy's supposed illness was now to be expended.

"Now," said Pickwick, when he had seen his chums depart, "I shall just run up to the attic."

The Diddler looked cautiously over the boxes as young Pickwick entered.

"Hallos, Picky!" he cried; "how goes it?"

"As well as we could wish," replied Pickwick.

"What about our poor insides?" asked the Diddler. "Let's have plenty of grub—if you love me—you have got my bank-note, Picky?"

"No," returned Pickwick; "I handed it over to Tinkle and Fairfit, who have gone down to the town to bring its value in grub."

"Supposing the doctor should return before them?" said the Diddler, doubtfully. "He would simply confiscate everything."

"He won't be back just yet," said Pickwick; "but to make sure, I mean to take possession of every atom of grub."

"That's the ticket," cried the Diddler, rubbing his hands.

At this moment Dick Sancliff entered the attic bringing a ladder.

"Better open the trap and put the ladder ready," he observed.

"You are right, my dear boy," returned Pickwick, coming to the assistance of his chum.

The ladder was placed against the wall and the trap thrown open.

"I'll just run up and have a look round," said Pickwick, suiting the action to the word.

The roof was flat, and in one corner stood a large water-tank, and a windlass by means of which buckets could be drawn up and down.

Pickwick looked thoughtfully to the grounds.

Suddenly he caught sight of a large garden-engine.

"Now, I wonder if we could manage to get that up here?" he said.

"Don't know," said Dick, hesitatingly.

"We might make the attempt," cried Pickwick. "Go down-stairs and collect all the grub you can lay your hands on first, and we'll see about it."

Dick at once obeyed orders.

He went into the larder and began collecting the food in a large basket. Mrs. Hardtopp was closeted with Mrs. Waddle in the private part of the house, and the other servants wisely kept out of the way.

"What are you doing here?" cried Mr. Puckle, looking in upon him.

"Can't you see, sir?" said Dick.

"Yes, I see," said the usher. "You must not do it, really."

"Who is going to prevent me?" replied Dick.

"Do you think it's right?" asked the usher.

He thought he had him there.

"Yes, I do," returned Dick. "All is fair in love and war."

And calling his chums to his assistance, he walked off with the basket, Mr. Puckle making but a very feeble resistance.

In his own mind he excused the boys for rebelling against Doctor Waddle's treatment of the Diddler.

But it was not for him to tell them this.

He hurried out into the grounds to reflect upon what was to be done.

Happening to cast his eyes toward the upper part of the house, he saw to his amazement that the garden-engine was in midair.

He looked a little higher and saw the merry Pickwick and his followers.

"Young gentlemen," cried the usher, "what are you doing with that engine?"

"Hoisting it up as fast as we can," returned Pickwick, looking down at him from the roof.

"Consider what you are doing," said the usher, earnestly. "Do you want to be expelled?"

"Shouldn't mind at all," replied Pickwick. "Let him expel every man Jack of us, if he likes."

Here the garden engine rocked violently, and Mr. Puckle thought prudent to retire beyond its range.

"That's it," cried young Pickwick, as the garden-engine was at length safely landed on the roof. "Now we are very nearly ready."

He shaded his eyes with his hands and looked at the surrounding country.

Far away in the distance he could see doctor Waddle's chaise.

The old brown pony was toiling along a steep road, and paused every now and then to rest itself, and take a mouthful of the herbage that grew by the wayside.

"I wish Tinkle and Fairfit would return," thought Pickwick, anxiously, as he watched the doctor's steed in its slow progress toward the school.

At this moment the fat boy poked his head through the trap.

"Help me up, some of you," he said. "I ain't going to be left down-stairs with nothing to eat."

The boys hastened to the assistance of their fat friend.

They slowly and cautiously drew his bloated body through the opening.

He carried the Diddler's dog under his arm.

"Swags, this is kind," cried the Diddler; "shan't forget it."

"Don't thank me," returned Swags; "I didn't want to bring him, but the beast would not be left behind, and I thought he wanted some grub; I know I do."

And gently sliding to the ground, the fat boy fell into a placid slumber.

"Lock the attic door and draw up the ladder," cried Pickwick.

Dick hastened to do his bidding.

Pickwick gave another look round.

"Tremble!" he said, suddenly; "the doctor has returned!"

The boys followed the direction of his eyes, and saw the chaise coming up the carriage drive.

Some of the more timid turned pale and really did tremble, while the braver spirits set up a shout of defiance.

Pickwick saw that any drawing back on the part of the boys would spoil the whole scheme.

He therefore resolved to strike at once.

"Will you submit to the doctor's tyranny?" he cried. "All who feel inclined can retire at once."

"I shan't!" cried one.

"Nor I!"

"Nor I!"

A glow of pleasure lit up Pickwick's face as each boy gave the same answer.

Even Mossy Morton and Bully Mungal refused to go down-stairs and join the doctor. Tom Ely kept out of the way.

None of the boys knew what had become of him.

Suddenly the boys heard somebody hammering at the door of the attic.

"Give me a rope," cried Pickwick.

It was brought, and he was cautiously lowered into the attic.

"Who is there?" he cried, going toward the door.

"Open the door at once," returned the familiar voice of Doctor Waddle.

"What do you want?" asked Pickwick.

"I want to come into the attic," returned the doctor.

"What for?"

"To see if the Diddler is on the roof."

"Then I'll save you the trouble by telling you that he is, and does not mean to come down yet awhile."

"Do you defy me, sir?" shouted the doctor.

"Yes," said Pickwick, firmly.

"Now, listen, boys," said the doctor, persuasively. "Just give the Diddler up to me and I'll overlook your bad conduct."

"I must first know what you want to do with him," replied Pickwick.

"I only wish to speak to him," said the doctor, blandly.

He was capable of telling any number of falsehoods to gain his own ends, being utterly without principle.

"Now, what's the use of telling all them lies?" Pickwick heard Miffins say to the doctor. "You know that we are going to thrash him within an inch of his life."

"Miffins is speaking the truth," thought Pickwick. "We won't give the Diddler up," he said, aloud. "If you want the Diddler, you must come and fetch him."

"Now, don't be rash," said the doctor. "If you will open the door, and disperse quietly, leaving me to deal with the Diddler, I will forgive you, but if you do not I will punish the whole school."

"Will you do it now, or wait till you get us?" cried Fitzsham.

He was beginning to feel his feet with his schoolfellows.

School life had knocked the nonsense out of him, and made him think he was, after all, not so great a man.

The Diddler suddenly rose and made for the trap.

"What are you going to do?" asked Pickwick, looking up at him.

"To give myself up, dear boy," returned the Diddler.

"I don't understand you," said Pickwick. "Are you going to show the white feather?"

"No, I'm not in a funk," replied the Diddler, "but I won't have you all thrashed through me—couldn't stand it—upon honor."

The boys regarded the Diddler with admiration.

"Pull away!" cried Pickwick, clutching at the rope.

When he found himself beside the Diddler he eagerly clasped his hand.

"If you talk such trash again I'll punch your head!" he cried.

And the Diddler half reluctantly yielded to the wishes of his friends, and moved from the trap.

Waddle and Miffins were banging away at the door with great violence.

The boys began to think that they would force it in. But the noise suddenly ceased.

"Some one wants to see you, sir," said the voice of Mrs. Hardtopp.

"We must leave the boys alone for the present," said the doctor, addressing Miffins.

The boys gave a sigh of relief as they heard a sound of retreating footsteps.

"The doctor is sure to be detained down-stairs for a time," observed Dick; "and perhaps we had better bolt our food while we can do it without interruption."

"I must do one thing first."

"What's that?" asked his friends.

"I'll soon show you," cried Pickwick. "I mean to put a flag on this."

Here he pointed to a flagstaff fixed against a little house, which the doctor had used at one time as an observatory.

"How are you going to hoist it?" asked Dick.

"I'll climb up and nail it on," said Pickwick.

"Take care," cried Dick, anxiously; "that pole doesn't look very strong."

"I'll chance that," said Pickwick.

He began to climb the pole.

It rocked violently, and his friends expected each moment to see it fall.

But he reached the top in safety, and deftly nailed the Union Jack to the staff.

This done, he took off his hat and waved it above his head.

His friends watched him anxiously, until he slid to the ground.

"Boys," said Pickwick, pointing to the flag, "this is our standard, and I mean to defend it to the last. Let us fight like Britons against oppression."

"Hurrah for Pickwick and the Union Jack!" shouted the boys.

Their loud shouts penetrated to the library where Doctor Waddle was talking to his visitor.

"Your boys seem happy," observed the visitor. "It does me good to hear their merry shouts."

"Yes," said the doctor, muttering to himself; "but I'll make them howl presently, or my name is not Waddle.

CHAPTER LVIII.

THE FIGHT ON THE ROOF.

THE food which the boys had taken possession of was stored away in the little house, above which the flag was floating on the breeze.

Pickwick commanded that the dinner should be prepared—an order that met with universal approval.

The boys were soon busily engaged in setting forth the viands.

"Don't that look fine?" observed the fat boy, pointing to a large pie which had been prepared for the doctor's dinner that day.

"It doesn't look half bad," replied Pickwick.

When everything was ready, Mossy took his seat with the rest.

"I suppose you don't want any dinner?" said Pickwick, addressing Mossy.

"I want it as much as anybody here," retorted Mossy, angrily.

"Then you shan't have any," cried Pickwick. "You were too lazy to get it ready, and you ought to be too lazy to eat it."

Mossy rose with a malicious smile, and was about to walk away, when Dick Sancliff interceded for him.

"I know it was very wrong of Mossy," he said; "but he won't do it again."

Pickwick at once gave up the point, and Mossy sat down.

That young gentleman owned a splendid appetite, despite his delicacy, and he contrived to obtain more than his share of wine.

Pickwick had brought up several bottles of the doctor's best port and sherry.

Pickwick did not perceive that Mossy was helping himself, or he would have put a stop to it at once.

Prince Albert Victor. H. M. S. *Bacchante*. Prince George of Wales.

THE EDUCATION OF THE SONS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.—SEE PAGE 294.

The conversation naturally turned upon the way the Diddler had been treated.

"Miffins is a perfect brute," cried Pickwick. "I hope shall live to pay him out for striking the Diddler."

"It served the Diddler right," cried Mossy Morton, excitedly; "he had no more than he deserved."

"What makes you think that?" said Pickwick, quietly, although his blood boiled, and he felt strongly tempted to knock Mossy Morton down.

His aversion to Mossy was growing stronger day by day.

He had only allowed him to remain on the roof because he was Dick's cousin.

"I am very, very sorry to have to say it," observed Mossy, "but I believe the Diddler to be an impostor."

The Diddler rose to his feet with the intention of punching Mossy's head.

But he had not quite recovered from Miffins's brutal blow, and staggered slightly as he walked.

"Don't disturb yourself, Diddler," cried Pickwick; "I'll stick up for you, old man."

"If you do you'll stick up for a blackguard," returned Mossy.

"If I wanted to stick up for a sneak, I should stick up for you!" cried Pickwick, angrily.

The boys laughed at the retort.

This aroused Mossy Morton's temper still more.

"You wouldn't dare to talk to me thus if you didn't know that I was in delicate health," he cried.

"You are quite mistaken," replied Pickwick. "I don't believe you are ill at all. It is only an excuse to shield your cowardice."

Mossy rose and walked behind Bully Mungal ere he returned an answer to this remark.

He thought the bully would protect him.

"Pickwick," he cried, shaking his fist, "you are an insulting blackguard."

"Take care," cried Pickwick; "you are Dick Sandiff's cousin, and I don't want to thrash you."

But Mossy continued to use offensive epithets to young Pickwick, carefully keeping behind Bully Mungal the while time.

"Now you have said all you want to say?" said Pickwick.

"Yes," replied Mossy, "I have."

"Now I will give you my opinion of you," said Pickwick.

"You need not take the trouble," said Mossy, with an affected yawn; "I don't want to hear it."

"But you must!" said Pickwick. "My opinion is that you want a good thrashing. You have never had one yet."

And Pickwick walked toward Mungal, who was standing before Mossy Morton.

Mossy relied upon Mungal to defend him.

But, to his intense astonishment, Mungal stepped aside, and he found himself face to face with Pickwick.

"I don't want to fight," cried Mossy Morton, who was in an awful funk.

"But you must," returned Pickwick, firmly.

Seeing that there was no alternative, Mossy Morton took off his coat.

He looked appealingly at Dick.

But Dick did not offer to come to his assistance.

Mossy had disgusted his cousin, who decided to let matters take their course.

The fight commenced.

The Diddler was Pickwick's second, while Mungal backed Mossy.

To the astonishment of the boys, Mossy showed some spirit as soon as he was fairly engaged.

But young Pickwick soon had the best of it.

He saw that he was more than a match for Mossy, and with his usual good nature, resolved not to hit harder than was necessary to gain a victory.

The Diddler, who was rapidly regaining his strength, danced round the combatants.

He was glad to see Mossy was going to the wall.

After a time Mossy himself saw that he could have no chance in a fair stand-up fight.

He therefore resolved to win by strategy.

"Look out," he cried; "there's Miffins behind you!"

Pickwick, taken off his guard, looked round.

Before he could turn back again Mossy struck him a heavy blow which felled him to the ground.

Pickwick was justly enraged at the treatment he had received.

He rose to his feet with the determination not to spare Mossy in the least.

"I mean to give you a good thrashing," cried Pickwick. "At first I merely defended myself, but now I am going to lick you into shape."

And he advanced to Mossy, who suddenly snatching up a stick, flourished it in his face.

"Don't come near me!" cried Mossy, excitedly.

"I'll take you stick and all," returned Pickwick.

He was thoroughly disgusted at Mossy Morton's cowardice, and meant to beat him severely.

"Let the coward come on!" he cried.

Mossy gave a triumphant smile.

He was no match against Pickwick in a fair fight, but with the stick he felt bound to win.

"Take that!" he cried, aiming a blow at Pickwick's head.

But Pickwick stepped aside, and received it on his shoulder.

Again Mossy flourished his stick, but Pickwick suddenly snatched it out of his hand and sent him sprawling to the ground.

The spectators were delighted.

They gave a ringing cheer.

The discomfited Mossy lay on his back.

He showed no desire to get up.

"Now, then," cried Pickwick, "get up; are you going to keep me waiting all night?"

"Don't you see that he is tired," cried the Diddler. "Let the poor fellow go to bye-bye."

"I'll take a seat until his majesty recovers," said Pickwick, perching himself on the wall.

Dick was no less disgusted at Mossy's conduct than his chums.

But Mossy was his cousin, and blood is thicker than water.

He still tried to think the best of him.

"What have you so say for yourself?" cried Fitzsham, shaking Mossy, who pretended to be awfully hurt.

"Oh, my poor head!" he groaned.

"Come, none of your shamming," cried Fitzsham, angrily.

At this moment the boys heard a heavy knocking at the attic door.

"Prepare for action, my lads!" shouted Pickwick. "The doctor and Miffins have come back."

It was but too true.

Doctor Waddle and Miffins had returned to the attack.

They hammered away at the door with the evident intention of having it down.

The boys saw that it must soon give way.

"What's to be done?" asked Dick.

"Get the garden engine ready!" cried Pickwick.

The boys obeyed their leader.

They went to work with a will.

"Ready!" they cried, just as the door of the attic gave way with a loud crash.

Miffins and the doctor rushed into the attic.

"Work away, my lads," cried the Diddler.

Pickwick and Dick Sandiff worked away at the garden engine with right good will.

It was in vain that Miffins and the doctor tried to force their way toward the trap.

Each time they were driven back by a well-directed stream of water.

"Do you want to drown me?" cried Miffins, as he once more rushed into the attic.

The doctor had prudently retreated.

"If you don't like it, you can keep away," said Pickwick, looking down at him and smiling pleasantly.

Miffins tried to answer. But a stream directed at his face completely took away his breath.

He left the attic, and they could hear him uttering threats of vengeance as he hurried down-stairs, to change his dripping garments.

"We have got rid of him for the present," observed Pickwick. "And now as it is growing late, I propose that we have a rest."

"What about Tinkie and Fairdi?" said Dick. "I begin to feel awfully anxious on their account."

"So do I," returned young Pickwick, "but it is no use bothering. Let's have some sleep."

All the boys agreed to this, knowing that they would have some heavy work in the morning.

One of their number was told off to keep guard, and the broken door was barricaded as well as their means would allow.

Miffins and the doctor must not be allowed to take them by surprise.

The duty of keeping guard devolved upon Dick.

He paced up and down before the little house on the roof, while his comrades calmly slumbered within. It was a lovely night.

The moon shone brightly in the cloudless sky.

Dick leaned his back against the flagstaff, and looked up at the stars.

He was thinking of little Benny Leadbitter.

Suddenly his heart seemed to stand still.

A dark figure passed before him, gliding noiselessly along.

Was it a visitor from the land of spirits?

But no!

The figure turned and walked toward him.

He recognized Mossy.

In a moment he was on the alert, and closing his eyes, feigned to be asleep.

Mossy Morton came close up to him.

"He sleeps," he said, in a whisper. "Now is my time."

And he walked toward the trap.

Taking a rope, he swung himself down into the attic.

"I'm coming, too, my lad," muttered Dick, also lowering himself to the floor.

He followed Mossy closely, yet cautiously.

Mossy made for the doctor's study.

"You and Mr. Miffins can get on the roof quite easily," he heard Mossy say. "I have opened the trap and left the rope hanging."

"Let's go at once," cried Miffins, brandishing his stick.

Dick waited to hear no more. He hurried up to the roof and crouched down close to the opening, waiting for a chance.

[To be continued.]

"Young Pickwick's Schooldays" was commenced in No. 663.

ARCHERY.

HOLD the handle in your right hand, with the back of the bow toward you. Place the bottom horn against the hollow of the right foot, turning the latter so as to secure it, the left foot being advanced. Place the palm of your left hand upon the upper end of the bow, taking the eye of the

STRINGING THE BOW.

string between the finger and the thumb, and slide it up toward the notch as you push with the left hand, and pull with the right till the string is in the notch. Make sure that it is firmly there, and not awry, before you let go. Some archers use the left hand to pull at the handle with, and push the top of the bow with the right; it is the same thing.

Unstringing is performed in a similar manner. If the weather is cold, warm the bow before bracing it. The above is the correct and graceful method of bracing the bow, but if it is a very powerful one, you may not be able to put it in practice. Then you must use your knee as a fulcrum, placing the bow across it with the lower horn in the ground, and the rounded inner side toward you, and pulling the top down with the left hand, while you nock the string with the right.

Or you may adopt the fashion of a certain tribe of Indians, who lie on their backs, take an end of the bow in each hand, and push the centre out with their feet, while a friend fixes the string. But this position can scarcely be a graceful one.

Do not keep your bow strung longer than is necessary. When you have shot your turn, unstring it at once, if several minutes are likely to elapse before you will use it again. A bow kept braced too long together is apt after a time to acquire a bend, or, as it is termed, to follow the string; and this detracts from its strength.

THE FIVE POINTS OF ARCHERY.

Ascham's famous five points are—standing, nocking, drawing, holding, and loosing.

Standing.—Present your left side to the target, the face over the left shoulder, head and neck inclined slightly forward, for if you stand too stiffly erect, you will never acquire the "laying of the body in the bow." The feet are to be firmly planted upon the ground, with the weight of the body resting equally on both; the heels six inches apart. Ascham arrives at the correct attitude by the exhaustive process of pointing out all the faults which are most common. "Some shooteth his head out, as though he would bite the mark; another stareth with his eyes, as though they should fly out; another winketh with one eye, and looketh with the other . . . . ; another holdeth his neck awry . . . ; another maketh a wrinchinge with his back, as though a man pynched him behynd; another cowereth down, as though he would shoot at crowes; another setteth forward his left leg, and draweth backe with heade and shoulders, as though he pouled at a rope."

Nocking.—"To nock all," says Ascham, "is the easiest point of all, and therein is no art, but only constant attention to nock truly, not setting the shaft either too high or too low, but exactly straight across the bow. Inconstant nocking makes a man lose his strength; and besides, if the shaft hand is high and the bow hand low, or the contrary,

NOCKING.

both the bow is in danger of breaking, and the shaft, if it is small, will 'start'; if great, it will hobble. You must always nock the cock-feather upward; and be sure the string does not slip out of the nock, for then all is in danger of breaking."

Be careful before nocking to see that the bow is not reversed, but that you have got the top uppermost; otherwise the colored silk which marks the nocking point will be in the wrong place, and the arrow will not be drawn in the bow's centre. While fixing the arrow, pass the forefinger of the hand holding the bow over it to keep it steady, and mind not to ruffle the feathers. When the position is secured by placing the first and second fingers of the right hand close on either side of the nock, and holding it and the string by about the middle of the first joints.

Drawing.—In nocking, the bow may be held obliquely, to prevent the arrow falling away from it, but it must be raised to the perpendicular as you shoot. Raise your arms steadily, thrusting your left hand forward with your whole strength, while you draw the arrow to your ear with the right, till the pile (or head) of the arrow reaches the knuckle of the bow-hand. No matter whether it is for a near or a distant shot, the arrow must be drawn to the pile. Many archers draw to the breast, but that is bad form, giving considerably less power over the bow. There is another point which Ascham points out. Sometimes an archer, he says, "draweth his shaft well, untyll within two fingers of the head, and

DRAWING.

then he stayeth a litle, to looke at his marke, and that done, poniteth it up to the head, and loweth; which way, though some excellent shooters do use, yet surely it is a faulte, and good men's faultes are not to be followed."

After you have once commenced to draw, never look again at your head or arrow; keep your eye intently fixed upon the gold, to the exclusion of every other object, until the shaft is sped.

Holding.—Ascham generally draw with three fingers, and the glove is made with three stalls to that intent, but many only use two. Anyhow, the arrow must be held between the ends and the first joints of the first and second fingers. "Holding must not be long," says Ascham, after a bow is drawn up, "for it puts a bow in danger of breaking, and also so spoils the shot. It must occupy so little time that it may be perceived better in the mind when it is done, than seen with the eye, when doing."

Loosing.—"This," says Ascham, "must be performed much in the same manner as holding. So quick and hard, that it may be without any twitches; so soft and gentle, that the shaft fly not as if it were sent from a bow-case. The mean betweixt both, which is perfect loosing, is not so hard to be followed in shooting, as it is to be described in teaching. For clean shooting, you must be careful of not hitting anything about you; and remember to hold your hand always the same height on your bow, that you may keep the length truly."

Doubtless this loosing of the arrows is the most difficult motion in shooting, principally in consequence of the necessity of wearing those clumsy finger-stalls; if you had a finger and thumb with pinch enough in them to draw the bow alone, the matter would be easy enough. As it is, there is at first a difficulty, a hitch in letting the string slip at the critical moment, which is as great an impediment to making a good shot as a stiff trigger is to a rifle, or a hang-fire with a shot-gun, and this is only to be got over with practice.

The bow-arm must be held as firm as a rock at the moment of loosing, for, unless the bow is held as in a vise, the flight of the arrow cannot be steady. All this must be done mechanically, however; you must not think of your arm or fingers; you must not be conscious that you have such things, even as the arrow flies away; your whole being should be concentrated in that bright patch in the centre of the distant target; for the fraction of a second you must be ignorant of the existence of anything in the universe but—a bull's-eye.

Holding, drawing, and loosing, though treated separately, for the purpose of explanation, form one continuous action; indeed, the archer should loose *while drawing*.

Archery has now begun to take quite a hold in this country, and we advise every one of our young readers to take an interest in this sport. Clubs are being formed all over the States, and ladies and gentlemen are rapidly perfecting themselves in this, to us, new exercise, though our English cousins have taken an interest in it for many years.

We have given you an illustration representing a very successful meeting that took place last month at Beacon Park Archery Range, Boston. Of course we do not intend to give you a very detailed account of that match, but only mean to show those boys and girls who have not seen an archery meeting, something of the general appearance of the field on a gala day.

THE EDUCATION OF THE SONS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

PRINCE GEORGE of Wales and Albert Victor, the sons of the Prince of Wales, having lately been undergoing a thorough naval education, have just completed a two years' course of instruction on H. M. S. *Britannia*, and have now started upon the regular sea-cruise prescribed for all young officers.

After enjoying a well-deserved vacation, the royal sailors joined their vessel on the 17th of August, and the *Bacchante*, the ship they had been appointed to, sailed on the following day.

Her Majesty's steam-corvette *Bacchante* is built of iron, coated with wood, and having no armor-plates. She carries on each broadside six four and a half ton guns, besides a chase gun in the bows, working on a swivel, and a similar one in the stern. Her length between perpendiculars is two hundred and eighty feet, with an extreme breadth of forty-five feet. There were two guns (old style) in the captain's cabin, which since the trial trip have been removed.

The *Bacchante* under canvas at sea behaves very well, much to the satisfaction of Lord Charles Scott, her captain. The princes' bedroom is plain in the extreme, the furniture consisting of two beds like those used in the sick-bay, two book-shelves and chests; but simple as the apartment is, it is a luxury compared with the midshipmen's ordinary sleeping accommodation, which is a plain hammock—comfortable enough excepting in very warm weather.

The gun-room—only in name, there being no guns visible—is substantially the midshipmen's cabin. This is also devoid of unnecessary fittings. It is here that the young princes will spend most of their time when not on duty on deck, or studying with their governor, the Rev. J. N. Dalton, whose cabin communicates with that of the princes by a door leading from one apartment to the other, both of which are under the poop and over the captain's cabin.

The principal duty of the midshipmen is to superintend the blue-jackets working at the ropes, etc., on deck or the tops.

A second captain has been appointed to the *Bacchante*, besides her commanding officer, Captain Lord Charles Scott, in order to assist in the instruction of the young princes; and the voyage of the corvette will be of such a nature as to embrace most of the principal seaports of the world. She proceeds in the first place to the West Indies and Canada, and will thence, in all probability, steer south and double Cape Horn. The lads are uncommonly bright; they attend strictly to the routine of their naval studies and duties, and have been favorites with their instructors and classmates since their first appearance on the school-ship.

THE MYSTIC THREE:

SHOWING WHAT HAPPENED TO THREE BOYS WHO BELIEVED ALL THEY READ.

By PIERCE CUTTING.

CHAPTER LIV.

A RIDE ON A COW-CATCHER.

THERE is something very comfortable about a ride in a palace car, with thick-cushioned seats and pleasant surroundings.

A journey in an ordinary railway-carriage, even, is not without its charms.

But a voyage on the cow-catcher of a locomotive going at the rate of forty-five miles an hour is a horse of a very different sort.

In point of fact, it is decidedly uncomfortable, to say the least.

And the Mystic Three soon arrived at an appreciation of that fact.

"Well," gasped Gid, as a thick cloud of dust blew in his face, blinding and choking him, "this is the worst yet."

"I'm most strangled," choked Hack.

"Clean smothered," gurgled Sim.

At this juncture the train dashed by a gravel-pit, and a hailstorm of gravel beat into the faces of the Devastators.

"Saker alive!" yelled Gid. "I was mistaken, after all!"

"How so?" queried Sim, coughing up a peck or so of stones and sand.

"That wasn't the worst."

"What wasn't?"

"The float."

"Why wasn't it?"

"Because the gravel is more so."

"You're right. I don't believe I've got a lung left."

"I know I haven't," groaned Hackaliah Snick. "My constitution's clean gone."

"Well, do you know what you can do, then?"

"What?"

"Hump along on the by-laws."

Here a turn in the road brought the train full in the face of the wind. The result was terrible.

The blast blew with such force that the Mystic Three felt it cut through them as if they had been made of gauze, almost tearing them from their positions.

"Boo-oo!" chattered Sim. "Grab my head, quick, somebody, or my hair will blow off."

But everybody was too busy on his own account to pay any attention to this request, and Mr. Pugsley's capillary adornment had to take its chances.

They would have been slim ones, indeed, if the road had not made another turn, which put the wind in the rear of the train.

Then the other tortures of the journey recommenced.

Blinding clouds of dust and stinging showers of gravel were whirled up and beaten against the iron front of the engine; while, to add to their misery, the heat of the great boiler commenced to roast the backs of the Devastators raw.

Under this new torment Gideon Goble squirmed and wriggled in a way that would have done credit to a boa-constrictor.

When exhausted nature could endure the strain no longer, he gave vent to a hollow groan.

The others, who had planted themselves lower down on the cow-catcher, asked:

"What's the matter now?"

"Oh, nothing," replied the martyr, sweetly.

"Then what are you croaking about?"

"Because it pleases me, maybe."

"I'm glad something pleases you—ain't you, Sim?"

"I am, my noble duke."

"Because you're the hardest chap to please ever I saw."

"I believe if Gid was dead——"

"Yes."

"And snug in a splendid rosewood coffin——"

"Yes."

"Satin-lined, and all that——"

"With diamond-headed nails, as it were."

"Just so. I believe that even then his ghost would kick and want to be buried in a casket."

"You do believe that—eh, Mr. Pugsley?" asked the tortured Gid.

"I do."

"And you, too, Mr. Snick?"

"Wee, mounseer."

"Well, you may be gratified to learn that you'll soon be in a position to find out."

"Why so?"

"Because, as closely as I can estimate, I shall be roasted alive within half an hour."

"You don't say so!"

"I not only say, but feel so."

"Are you sure of it?"

"I'll be dead sure soon."

"Then you can do me a favor."

"Tell them to have a warm corner ready for you in the other place, I suppose?"

"You needn't suppose anything of the sort."

"Why?"

"Because you'll be all wrong."

"What, then?"

"Are you hungry, Sim?"

"Oh, no, not at all."

"Well, if you were, how would you like your meat? Raw or well done?"

"Rare."

"Then, Mr. Goble, if you're going to be roasted alive, you will greatly oblige us by not being overdone, as you may not agree with us."

Gideon Goble, one side of whom was already baked to a crisp, grinned a ghastly grin.

"I'll try to please you, gentlemen," he said. "I'm only sorry I haven't a chance to serve myself in a nice dressing for you."

"You needn't apologize. Hunger is a good sauce, you know."

"And besides," added Sim, "you're ready-stuffed, you know."

"I'm stuffed?"

"Yes."

"What with?"

"Lies, of course."

"Most of 'em nice, rich ones, too."

"And being an old salt, you won't be too fresh."

"While your temper is peppery enough not to require more seasoning."

"And you're fat enough to provide your own gravy."

"Altogether, he will make a splendid roast, eh?"

"Oh, won't he, just! Baked pig will be nowhere."

Wretched as he was, Gideon Goble fired up to return this shot with interest, when the whistle of the locomotive put a shrill termination to the colloquy.

The sudden noise almost made the Devastators bounce off their perch.

It also made them look ahead, and they uttered a simultaneous howl of horror.

Prancing about in the middle of the track ahead of them was a cow.

The animal appeared to be enjoying things exceedingly, and at the sound of the whistle turned about and faced the engine.

Instead of scampering off the track, however, she proved herself another kind of a beast altogether.

Giving vent to a low of defiance, she lowered her head and made a rush for the approaching iron enemy.

The Devastators had just time to climb up on the boiler when the collision occurred.

There was a shock, a sickening thud, and a shower of blood rained down and deluged them.

The locomotive calmly continued on its way.

As for the cow, what of her was not sticking to the cow-catcher in the shape of fresh beefsteak, was quickly wailing along the track for a coroner's inquest.

The Mystic Three gazed at one another with an air of devout thankfulness.

"Well, there's one thing certain, after that," said Sim, with a long sigh.

"What's that?" demanded Gid.

"That we're not born to be killed by a railroad accident."

"I don't see as there's much consolation in that," groaned Hack.

"Why so?"

"Because we're not born to be drowned, either, it seems."

"Well?"

"So the inference is a natural one."

"Perhaps you will explain what it is?"

"What what is?"

"The inference."

"Certainly. You know what people who are not born to be drowned generally are born for, don't you?"

"Not to be drowned."

"But to be hanged."

"Well, I hope I may be hanged if that isn't the thinnest joke I've heard yet."

"You'll find it a mighty serious joke when the end comes."

"The rope's-end, I suppose, you mean."

"Whatever I mean, I mean what I say, and I say what I mean."

"And mighty mean most of your sayings are, to be sure."

"Oh, snakes!" groaned Gid, "as if this ride wasn't punishment enough."

"You needn't kick, anyhow."

"I'd like to know why."

"Because if Sim keeps on making such puns, you'll be resigned to die."

"I am already, so he needn't tax his gigantic intellect any further."

But Simeon Walsingham Pugsley did not entertain that intention.

Just about this time he had other fish to fry.

Glaring ahead, with eyes like saucers, and a face pallid with consternation, his white lips moved for a moment without giving shape to an articulate sound.

Then pointing with a trembling hand, and in voice louder than any locomotive whistle, he screamed:

"Great grief! What's that?"

CHAPTER LV.

MORE TROUBLE.

"WHAT'S which?" demanded Gid.

"What's who?" inquired Hack.

"Are you blind?" cried Sim, shaking as if he had an ague fit.

"Not quite."

"Do you see that?"

And he pointed ahead.

The track at this point ran as straight as a rule for nearly a mile.

Only a few hundred yards in front of the locomotive an obstruction appeared upon the track.

It was a pile of heavy logs, so placed that the locomotive must strike it.

The train was rushing on at lightning speed.

In a few seconds of time the crash would come, and the train and its living freight, to say nothing of what was of far more importance to them, the Mystic Three, individually, would be hurled into eternity.

"Jumping grasshoppers! we are lost!" screamed Hack.

"Gone up entirely," wailed Gid, with a howl of despair.

Sim said nothing.

Rising to his feet, and steadying himself by the iron braces of the pilot, he began to climb along the footboard at the side of the boiler toward the cab.

Hack and Gid, scarcely knowing what they were doing, followed him.

It was ticklish work.

The train was still rushing along with unabated speed, and the huge engine swayed from side to side so that they could scarcely maintain their footing.

The heated metal of the boiler scorched and blistered their hands as they clung desperately to it.

They had passed over about half the space separating them from the cab, when the engineer and fireman, who had been taking a hasty lunch from a small basket of eatables, and thus occupied, had failed to perceive their danger, suddenly saw them.

At sight of the three strangely-attired figures, bathed in the blood of the defunct cow, and thus mysteriously appearing, the two men uttered a simultaneous cry of alarm, and leaped from the engine to the tender.

As they did so the Mystic Three, led by Sim, crawled through the little door opening from the cab upon the footboard.

At the same moment the engineer and fireman retreated to the rear of the tender, and attempted to climb over on the platform of the baggage-car.

But the Devastators paid no attention to them.

Without knowing what he was doing, Sim grasped a lever and pulled it over as far as it would go.

Hack seized another and pushed it from it.

In their total ignorance of what was the right thing to do, they had chanced to perform that very operation.

Sim had reversed the engine, while Hack had set the air-brakes to work.

Gid, meanwhile, snatching at the first thing that presented itself, had pulled the whistle-cord, and a prolonged and deafening shriek from that instrument had aroused all the train-hands from the conductor to the water-boy.

They were followed by nearly all the male passengers, while from the windows of every car heads were protruding, and a multitude of voices were heard demanding in concert:

"What's the matter?"

Among the first to approach the engine were the engineer and fireman.

"Seize 'em! Knock 'em down!" shouted the engineer, coming up a billet of cordwood and attempting to mount into the cab. "They're a set of bloody train-wreckers, that's what they are!"

"Reg'lar land pirates!" screamed the fireman, who had armed himself with a similar weapon.

"Down brakies!" exclaimed Sim, as the engineer strove to climb into the cab, "or you'll have a smash-up, sure!"

And he picked up the heavy engine-poker and brandished it, bringing the red-hot end so close to the engineer's nose that that worthy jumped back about ten feet, knocking the fireman head first into the ditch that bordered the track, and then falling on top of him and nearly suffocating him in the mud.

By this time an excited crowd had gathered around the locomotive.

The Devastators confronted them boldly.

The three presented a truly frightful aspect.

Smeared with blood, till they looked as if wading through gore was their daily and usual occupation, their queer-looking garments rent and torn, they were well calculated to strike the spectators with astonishment, if not with terror.

Sim stood at one side of the cab flourishing the poker.

Hack, armed with a shovel, guarded the other.

While Gid divided his time between brandishing an iron-wrench and tooting the whistle in a manner suggestive of the near approach of pandemonium.

"I'm a blind gopher," exclaimed the conductor, as he took in at one glance the condition of affairs, "if this don't beat me clean!"

"What in thunder are they, any way?" demanded the baggage-master, a fat, pursy individual.

"Look as if they escaped from a slaughter-house," remarked the express-agent, who had just come up.

"I tell ye they're a set of murderin' train-wreckers, that's what's they are, choke my throttle-valve if they ain't!" cried the engineer.

He had just succeeded in extricating himself from the ditch, and was as liberally plastered with mud that he was scarcely recognizable.

"Where'd you come from, Jenkins?" demanded the conductor, to soon as he realized who the mud-bespattered individual was.

"Where'd I come from! Can't you see?" retorted the engineer.

"Well, you look as if you'd been fired out of a gun at a muck-heap, and hit the target plum center."

"Oh, I do, do I?"

"I should rather think so; but how did you get there? and why ain't you on your engine attending to your business?"

"Why ain't I?"

"Yes."

"Because I was chucked off by that varmint there."

And he pointed to Sim, who acknowledged the compliment by bowing.

"How did he come on the engine, then?" asked the conductor.

"Fust I see of 'em they was all three a-climbin' into the cab."

"Well, what then?"

"I thought they was goin' to shoot me, and I got."

"Oh, you did! You're a pretty duffer, you are. Who stopped the train, then?"

"I suppose they did."

"You can just bet we did," broke in Sim; "and if we hadn't, you'd all have been in kingdom come by this time."

And he pointed to the pile of logs which barricaded the track.

"What did I tell you?" exclaimed the engineer, triumphantly. "They're train-wreckers, an' they've put up this job to rob and murder us."

"Train-wreckers be hanged!" exclaimed Hack, in great disgust.

"Yes, you will be hanged, sure," broke in the fat baggage-master.

"Why, we've just saved all your miserable, mangy, worthless lives," cried Sim, excitedly.

"Yes," shouted Gid, "after we've rescued you then you want to go back on us. You're a lot of Hoosier hogs."

And in his excitement Mr. Goble lost his balance and fell head first plump into the stomach of the fat baggage-master.

With a yell of pain the fat man collapsed, knocking down, in his fall, a couple of the passengers, who, in their curiosity, had approached too near.

At the same moment the train-hands, headed by the conductor, and reinforced by several of the passengers, made a rush for the engine.

The Mystic Three struggled with the desperation of despair, but in vain.

They were overpowered, dragged from the cab, shook and hustled about until their teeth rattled in their sockets, and their arms and legs seemed about to fall off.

The cries and execrations of the infuriated passengers, and the curses of the train hands, rang in their ears like the crack of doom.

"Hang 'em!"

"Lynch 'em!"

"String 'em up!"

Shouts like these filled the air, and as the Devastators listened grimly to these dread menaces, they felt that they had indeed fallen upon evil times.

Suddenly, over the tumult of the clamoring crowd, a hoarse shout rose from the quickly-gathering dusk.

"Throw up your hands, strangers, or you're dead men, every one of you!"

CHAPTER LVI.

THE TRAIN-WRECKERS.

AT this startling interruption the impending hostilities came to a sudden termination.

The affrighted passengers ran first in one direction and then in another, like a flock of startled sheep.

But in whatever direction they turned they were met by the frowning muzzles of leveled rifles, and the stern injunction.

"Up with your hands!" again rang out from a score of throats.

The train-wreckers were upon them in earnest.

The scene that followed was a highly entertaining one—for the bandits.

The passengers looked at it in a very different light.

In an incredibly short space of time the robbers had "gone through" the entire crowd.

Watches and purses were scooped in with wonderful dispatch, and in the meantime several of the gang had ransacked the express car and cleared it of everything valuable that it contained.

Their work finished, the wreckers proceeded to tie the passengers together two and two, back to back, and disposed of the train hands in the same fashion.

The conductor was tied loosely, so that he could easily free himself, and told that he might untie the rest after the robbers had departed.

Where, during the time these events were occurring, were the Mystic Three?

At the first appearance of the train-wreckers they had broken from the grasp of their captors and dodged under one of the cars.

There they had, as Hack expressed it, "laid low and kept as quiet as a dead mud-turtle" ever since.

That is to say, two of them had.

Hackaliah Snick and Gideon Goble, laying side by side, had watched the proceedings of the wreckers, not daring to speak even in a whisper.

Sim was behind them.

Or, rather, they supposed he was.

When at length Hack cautiously turned his head, he could see nothing whatever of the third Devastator.

"Great snakes!" he said to Gid, in a cautious whisper, "where's Sim?"

"Why, he's behind us, ain't he?"

"Not a hair of him."

"He must be."

"I tell you he ain't; look for yourself."

Gid did so.

"By gum, he ain't there."

"Of course he ain't."

"But where can he be?"

"He must have skipped."

"The selfish beast has sneaked out and left us," said Gid, disgustedly.

"He's cut his stick, sure," replied Hack; "the low, mean duffer."

That Sim wasn't there was undeniable, but no amount of conjecture served to bring them any nearer a solution of the mystery.

They were sure of one thing, and that was all.

Simeon Walsingham Pugsley had disappeared.

While they were still vainly endeavoring to account for his absence, one of the wreckers approached the car beneath which they were hidden, and espied their recumbent figures.

"Come out o' that!" he shouted, in a hoarse voice, "unless ye want to digest an ounce of lead mighty sudden."

The two melancholy Devastators crawled out and were immediately collared and dragged toward the head of the train, where the robbers had gathered in a group.

They were evidently preparing to depart.

"Here, cap," said the man who had conducted them—"here's two more o' 'em that I found cached under one of them cars."

"Walk up, gentlemen, walk up," responded the man addressed as captain, ironically; "happy to see you; it would have most broke our hearts to have missed you."

"Couldn't have come up under it, could you?" replied Hack, who had partially recovered possession of his assurance.

And, as our readers know, Mr. Snick had an unequaled supply of that useful commodity.

"Well, skin me alive," exclaimed the captain, "if you ain't a cheeky one, and no mistake."

"So I've been told," said Hackaliah, coolly.

"Whoever told you so didn't tell so lie, that's a dead sartainty."

And the captain looked at the two prisoners from head to foot, and then gave vent to a long, shrill whistle.

"Whar'd you come from?" he demanded.

"From off the train."

"None of your nonsense," continued the robber; "where do you belong, that's what I want to know?"

"Oh, you do?"

"Yes, and blamed quick, too."

"Well, if it will afford you any gratification, allow me to state that we belong in Suckerville."

"In Suckerville?"

"That identical village."

"Where's that?"

"Where's what?"

"Suckerville."

"Weigh it is in the State of Connecticut."

"How'd you git here?"

"Part of the way we walked."

"Well, what then?"

"Then we sailed."

"And after that?"

"We traveled by rail a piece."

"And then took to Shank's mare again, I suppose?"

"No, sir, we didn't."

"What did you do?"

"We flew."

"You flew?"

"Yes, sir; right through the air, just like three little angels."

"Look a-here, young man; you can't come no such a lie as that over me," exclaimed the captain, with evident disgust.

"Who's trying to come anything over you?" demanded Hack.

"You are; but it won't work. I'll take some of the cheek out of you before I'm done with you, you kin just bet."

Exactly what the captain intended to do, the two Devastators didn't find out just then.

One of the band came up and said to the leader:

"Say, cap, hadn't we better git?"

"You're right, we had; here, you!"

And he beckoned to the ruffian who had captured them.

To these two gallants together by the wrists, and bring 'em along; come, men, let's git."

And the party left the railroad-track and plunged into the dense woods, filled with a heavy undergrowth, which bordered the line.

They tramped along in single file, through narrow and devious paths, the two prisoners and their guard bringing up the rear.

"Hack, we're in for it, sure, this time," whispered Gid, as they trudged along.

"In for it? I should just think we were, over head and ears," replied Hack.

"There's only one thing worries me."

"That's what's worrying me, too."

"Which it is?"

"Peggy, the crank?"

"He's turned the crank on us this time, sure."

CHAPTER LVII.

A JOURNEY IN THE DARK.

WHERE, meanwhile, was Simeon Walsingham Pugsley?

In the language of the poet, Simeon Walsingham Pugsley was on the rampage.

His movements would have delighted the late Horace Greeley, for they led him due West.

At the first appearance of the train-robbers, that shining light of the Mystic Three had found an opportunity to slip away into the thick brush that bordered the road, and had not neglected it.

If the truth must be admitted, Simeon Walsingham Pugsley was very badly scared for once in his life.

So, on the dishonorable but safe principle that he who fights and runs away lives to fight another day, he determined to live.

Pushing his way through the dense thickets, Sim's progress at first was difficult and slow, the briers tearing his clothing to rags, and scarring his limbs with deep scratches.

Then, to his no small amazement, he came out in a narrow path, much overgrown, it is true, but still sufficiently open to allow him to press forward at a more rapid pace.

The forest became lighter, too, as he advanced, until he suddenly stumbled out in a little clearing.

In front of him, against the face of a high bank, was reared a log hut or cabin of considerable size, with the bluff for a back wall, and a roof of slabs overgrown with house-leeks and grass.

From its position, buried in the thicket and overhung with brambles and sumach vines, the place had been evidently erected by some one to whom concealment was desirable. Scattered about the clearing were the remnants of a pile of firewood, and after intently watching and listening for a few moments to satisfy himself that the pursuit he feared was not imminent, Sim ignited a splinter of fat-pine, or lightwood, which he found among them, with a match, and entered the cabin.

A single glance revealed its character to him.

He was in one of the illicit stills, with which some Western districts abound.

In these places thousands of barrels of whisky, which, like the potteen of Ireland and the mountain dew of Scotland, would blush to know what a Revenue Officer looks like, are manufactured annually.

The place had evidently been deserted for some time, the owner probably having been less successful in evading the constant watchfulness and activity of the myrmidons of the law, who are constantly on the lookout for such prey.

There were the mashtubs and casks, along with a score of empty barrels, heaps of staves and a number of bags of grain, while at one end of the cabin a large furnace supported an enormous boiler with its serpentine worm of red copper, which gleamed dully in the torchlight.

Sim for a moment forgot even his fears in the interest these objects excited, and he was examining the furnace and boiler with close attention when he suddenly uttered a low cry.

A minute later he leaped on top of the furnace and disappeared, apparently vanishing up the chimney.

The cause and manner of his disappearance is easily explained.

In his examination of the furnace he had noticed in the back of the deep chimney by which the smoke from the fire was carried out through the roof, a black opening about three feet square.

The huge boiler, with the network of pipe forming the distilling-worm, were so close to the opening that there was barely room for a man to squeeze in behind them, and concealed it so well that only the close scrutiny to which Sim's curiosity had urged him would have revealed the break in the chimney-wall at all.

Even when he did discover it he set it down for an accident caused by a caving in of the clay of the back against which the chimney was built.

The appearance of foot-prints in the soot and dust on the top of the furnace, and the fact that they pointed toward the opening, suggested another thought, however.

It was in all likelihood a secret means of exit, which the former owner of the still-house had provided against the emergency of a visit from the officers of the Revenue.

Nor was he mistaken.

Squeezing in past the boiler, the light of his pine-knot showed him that the opening was the entrance to a passage leading into the bank.

It had once been concealed by a slab of baked clay, which had now fallen down, and crawling over it, he stuck his torch in the soft wall and restored it to its old place.

"Now you may look for me if you want to," he muttered, resuming the light again and satisfying himself that the opening was effectually closed. "I don't think you've got me this turn, though."

And creeping forward, for the tunnel was so low that he could scarcely force his way through it, he advanced, as he hoped, toward freedom.

As he progressed, the passage grew wider and higher, until he found himself in a corridor, with roof and walls of solid rock, in which he could stand upright.

It was evidently one of the natural fissures with which all granite mountains abound, from the termination of which the person to whom the still belonged had excavated the passage which ended in his cabin.

An icy wind blew the smoke of his torch in the Devastator's face, and set his teeth chattering.

The presence of this wind assured him that he was approaching the open air, however, and he submitted to the inconvenience willingly.

Ten minutes had probably passed since his escape from the still-house, when he suddenly halted.

The passage here split into three parts, running in different directions, one of which was blocked up with the *débris* of a caving in of the roof.

After a moment's hesitation the fugitive turned into the next one, whose direction was nearly the same as that which he had been pursuing.

Before he had gone a dozen steps he regretted it, for the cold wind had given place to a warm and heavy air, which seemed to suggest that he was receding from instead of approaching an opening.

The passage, too, began to narrow again until, though he was able to stand upright, he still advanced with growing difficulty.

It would not do for him to turn back now, however, for his torch had burned so low that it began to scorch his fingers, and every step in advance was precious.

"At any rate," he muttered, "if the worst comes to the worst, it's a pretty straight road back, and if I can't get out this way I can find my way back to the cabin again."

As he spoke a stream of melted resin scalded his hands so severely that he dropped the light, and before he could snatch it up again it went out.

He was now in utter darkness, bound, as it were, in the bowels of the mountain.

For a moment he halted, dismayed.

There was something so appalling in the impenetrable gloom, and in the dead silence in which even his suppressed breathing sounded almost like thunder, that he grew sick at heart.

But only for a moment.

Simeon Walsingham Pugsley had in a measure regained his nerves, and he groped his way ahead without hesitation.

This was an easy task enough, for the walls of the passage on either side grazed his shoulder.

He had not progressed twenty yards in this way when the passage began to widen again, and a sound which he fancied was that of human voices caught his ear.

He stopped; the sound ceased also.

When he began to move again the murmur recommenced, and he stopped once more.

This was repeated several times, with unvarying regularity, until something like a chill of dread began to creep into the Devastator's heart.

What did those mysterious voices mean?

As he asked himself this question Sim stumbled on a projection of the rocky floor, tripped and fell forward.

Then, before he could make any effort to recover his balance, he went rolling down a steep, inclined plane, covered with sharp stones, which tore his hands as he clutched at them in a vain attempt to stop himself. A minute more and a red light glowed before him, increasing in intensity, and accompanied by the pungent smell of burning wood, till he suddenly found himself tumbling through space.

CHAPTER LVIII.

CANNIBAL JACK.

HE fell at least a dozen feet, and landed right end up among the logs of a burning fire, upsetting a black pot that was planted in the middle of it, and scattering the blazing wood all about.

"Blood and fire!" cried a husky voice, "what is all this?"

"It's a scalded leg for me," exclaimed another, in the hoarse accents of pain. "Curses on it! I'm boiled to rags."

A hoarse roar of laughter greeted this complaint, and Sim, who, fortunately for himself, had staggered out of the fire in time to escape a roasting, looked bewilderingly about him.

He was in a quite extensive and lofty cavern, high up on one wall of which appeared a dark opening, through which the smoke of the fire escaped, and which he knew at sight was the one through which he had fallen.

Surrounding him were a score of figures in every variety of picturesque attire, from coarse Guinea and heavy mountaineer's boots to neat hunting-shirts with cavalry boots or leather leggins.

All, however, were armed with revolvers or knives, most commonly with both, and a number of rifles were stacked in a corner.

Rough beds of brush-wood and grass, covered with blankets, a number of boxes and bales, and a score or so of saddles comprised the chief furniture of the cave.

The first surprise of his sudden appearance among them over, the denizens of the cavern showered on the intruder a volley of objurgations as violent as they were deep, while some of them made a threatening movement toward him.

"Easy, there," said the husky voice, which Sim now saw belonged to a brawny man in a rough coat and high boots, with a bushy red beard, and a face so disfigured by scars as to be scarcely recognizable; "let the boy alone till we see what he's got to say."

"Got to say!" yelled a lean, ferret-face individual, who had drawn an ugly knife. "The blazes roast him! he's done enough to deserve his throat cut. Thunder and lightning! I'm lamed for life."

And the speaker, whose leg had been literally bathed in the boiling stew, which had formed the contents of the overturned pot, limped a couple of paces forward and shook his weapon threateningly at the intruding Devastator.

"It's a very pretty knife, pardner," remarked Sim, pretending greatly to admire the blade which the ruffian flashed before his eyes. "It looks rather sharp, though. Be careful, or you may cut yourself."

The ferret-faced man's companions broke into a fit of furious and mocking laughter.

"Put up yer pig-sticker, Cannibal Jack!" roared the husky-voiced man. "Ho, ho, ho! Why, you can't tool even a strange boy."

"I'll cut a-lung out of him!" yelled Cannibal Jack, growing livid with cowardly wrath. "Only let me get at him, that's all."

"I don't see anybody stopping you," remarked Sim, who had caught up a half-consumed brand from the fire. "Don't stand on ceremony, pray. Cut and come is my maxim, and I'm fairly yearning to be slaughtered, I am."

Another jeering outburst from his companions drew from the braggart a rally of full-bodied oaths, but he still hesitated to attack until he saw that our friend was unarmed.

Then he made another threatening sweep with his knife, and sprang forward, exclaiming:

"You won't yearn long, then, my cock-a-dandy. You've exasperated me, so you might as well say your pray—Ow-ow-owch!"

And he finished with a yell of pain as Sim parried the furious knife-thrust he directed at him with the burning firebrand.

"Oh! my hand, my hand!" screamed the blowhard, dropping his knife and wringing his burning hand, while he fairly danced with pain. "I'm crippled for life. He's burned the hand off me!"

"You can bandage it with that lung," said Sim, skipping around him and poking the burning stick playfully at his nose. "Come and cut it out, do. The poor thing's crying out to be cut up, it is. Don't disappoint it, whatever you do."

With a furious imprecation Cannibal Jack hauled an enormous navy-revolver from his belt.

Before he could level it, however, Sim threw the firebrand at him.

The man ducked and avoided the missile, when the Devastator, who had snatched up the half-empty pot which had been replaced on the fire, coolly poured its remaining contents over his head.

The piping-hot stew scalded his hair off, and ran down his back and chest like streams of molten lead.

With a scream of pain Cannibal Jack threw himself face down on the rocky floor of the cavern and writhed in agony.

"Let him alone!" commanded the husky-voiced man, as several of the discomfited ruffian's companions made a movement to assist him. "He's only got what he deserved. The snarling cur wouldn't have dared to raise his hand to the boy if he hadn't thought he was helpless."

"He's one of us, though," growled several of the men, "and the boy ain't."

"What the blazes is he doing here, anyway?"

"Silence!" commanded the first speaker. "I'll attend to the boy, never fear."

And turning to our hero he said, sternly:

"Now that you've had about all the fun out of us you want, suppose you introduce yourself? What's your name?"

"Simeon Walsingham Pugsley."

"Which?"

"Simeon Walsingham Pugsley."

"I asked what your name was."

"And I told you."

"You don't mean to say you were christened that?"

"Yes."

"Poor boy! Wot a grudge your parents must a' had agin you!"

A rattling peal of laughter greeted this sally, and Sim began to get mad.

"It seems as if you didn't like my name," he observed.

"Well, I wouldn't like to have it biled for dinner."

"You wouldn't, eh?"

"No."

"And why so?"

"Well, it might choke me."

"I'd recommend you to try a meal of it at once then, for the good of the world."

THE MYSTIC THREE.—"BLINDING CLOUDS OF DUST AND STINGING SHOWERS OF GRAVEL WERE WHIRLED UP AND BEATEN AGAINST THE IRON FRONT OF THE ENGINE; WHILE, TO ADD TO THEIR MISERY, THE HEAT OF THE BOILER COMMENCED TO ROAST THEIR BACKS RAW."—SEE PAGE 294.

A GHOSTLY MASQUERADE BY AN OHIO STUDENT WHICH RESULTED IN THE MASQUERADER GETTING A BROKEN HEAD.

"You would, eh?"

"Yes."

"Then I don't know but that I will. And as the easiest way's the best, I'll take you in, name and all."

"That's the talk," yelled Cannibal Jack, who was squatting on a box, scraping the stew from his sore and blistered skull. "Swaller him up whole. If you want help, call me in."

"I shouldn't think you'd want to swaller anything for a week, at least," rejoined Sim, contemptuously. "You've had the benefit of twenty men's rations already."

"But we haven't," interrupted the red beard, "and by the almighty, we'd have to be hungrier than we are to crack such a nut as that name of yours."

Sim shrugged his shoulders carelessly.

"That's your own business," he said. "I don't care a snap whether you crack it or not. You don't pay your money, but you take your choice all the same."

A dark frown settled on the husky man's face, and putting out a hand as big as a baby's head, he seized the boy by the wrist with a grip that made him wince.

"You're tolerable free with that tongue of yours, young Skip Gallows," he said. "Clap a stopper on it; you can't talk to Red Dave Mooney as you can to that rabbit-hearted potwallaper there! Be civil, or it may be the worse for you!"

"Be civil enough not to make fun of my name, then."

A grim smile covered the face of the man who called himself Red Dave Mooney at the audacity of the speech, but his companions greeted it with a murmur of resentment.

"Talk's cheap, my bucco," he said; "but it takes money to pay a wash-bill."

"You folks haven't been troubled much that way lately, I fancy," returned him. "That is, if you are in the habit of paying your wash-bills—when you have any at all. And you don't look like it, I swear."

"My boy," said Red Dave, with sudden gravity, fixing so serious a glance on our hero's face that he felt a serious apprehension run through him, "you use big words, and speak them loud enough. If you knew where you were, however, I don't think you would throw your jaw around as loose as you do."

"Where am I, anyway?"

"Where you're likely to stay."

"Where I'm likely to stay?"

"Yes; for you are the only living soul but ourselves who has ever learned the secret of this place and gone out of it alive."

"And who are you?"

"Your masters."

As Red Dave spoke he made a motion in response to which half a dozen of his followers advanced.

As they did so, Sim, with a swift leap, gained the spot where the stack of rifles were, and seized one of them.

"You may be my masters," he cried, "but you'll have to pay me my wages in advance. The first one of you who moves a foot is a dead man!"

And he raised the rifle to his shoulder.

For a minute a profound silence settled on the cavern—a silence broken only by the crackle of the burning logs and the heavy breathing of the inmates.

The first to break the pause was Cannibal Jack, who had kept himself carefully in the rear, and who now, from his post of vantage, waved his favorite knife over the heads of the others, shouting:

"Jump in on him! Make mincemeat of the bloody spy!"

"You'd better begin, then, you white-livered hound," growled Red Dave. "Since you're so anxious for us to be shot, suppose you try a little of it yourself?" And seizing the par-boiled ruffian by the nape of his neck he flung him forward.

Cannibal Jack, with a yell of dismay, reeled toward Sim, and, stumbling over a saddle, fell headlong at his feet, barely in time to escape the bullet which the Devastator sent at him, and which whistled over his shoulder.

In a moment more, and just as he seized another rifle, Mr. Pugsley's enemies, taking advantage of the diversion on which Red Dave had calculated when he hurled their cowardly companion forward to draw the boy's fire, fell upon him in a body.

Unable to discharge his weapon, Sim prodded them in their faces with the barrel as they forced him back against one of the walls of the cave.

One of the movements sent the muzzle into the eye of an assailant, gouging it out.

As the dispossessed optic fell on his cheek, the man uttered such a shriek of anguish that his comrades drew back, momentarily startled.

Profiting by this, Sim discharged the weapon in the face of the nearest foeman.

The fellow staggered back, shot through the brain, and as he fell, the boy, dropping the now useless rifle, snatched the knife and revolver from the dead man's belt.

"Now, then," he cried, "I've got a full hand; who wants to bluff me?"

He had scarcely spoken when the wall seemed to give way behind him, and he tumbled backward.

In retiring before the assault of his enemies he had, without noticing it, worked his way around the corner walls to a door of unplaned plank, which was swung to a heavy timber frame and closed the entrance to the cave.

The sudden opening of this door from the outside had deprived him of support, and sent him rolling on top of some soft body, which gave vent to a dismal groan.

(To be continued.)

"The Mystic Three" was commenced in No. 677.

THE JANITOR'S BOY.—"VANDY WAS DECIDEDLY TAKEN ABACK WHEN HE UNFOLDED THE PAPER HANDED HIM AND FOUND THAT IT WAS A FIVE-DOLLAR BILL."

A STUDENT'S MASQUERADE.

A PRACTICAL joke recently played by a student in the Ohio Normal College had a decidedly unpleasant ending for the joker, and which will doubtless teach him a wholesome lesson for the rest of his life. A number of the students had one evening been discussing spiritualism, ghostly appearances, and other supernatural wonders, and one of them, a young man named Stout, had announced his belief in the power of the dead, under some circumstances, to revisit this world in visible form. He was almost alone in this belief, and his declaration of it excited much ridicule among his brother-students and gave the idea to one of them, named Love, of having a joke at Stout's expense.

Accordingly, after all the rest had gone to bed, Mr. Love wrapped himself up in a sheet and repaired to Stout's bedroom. Cautiously entering, he found Stout fast asleep. In order to awaken him with the additional "icy touch" of a ghost, he pressed his palm against a window-pane until it was thoroughly chilled, and then laid it on the forehead of the sleeper, at the same time saying, in as sepulchral a voice as he could assume, "Awake! awake!" Stout did awake, and his first movement showed that he had looked for some practical joke and was fully prepared for it. In fact, he had retired with all the clothes on, and his sound sleep was only a feigned one. He jumped out of bed, and Love started to back out; but before he had got through the doorway, Stout had seized a chair and brought it down with a resounding whack on the head of his ghostship. With a yell that was not at all ghostly, Love dropped to the floor, and when lights and assistance arrived, he was found to have a cracked skull and a broken nose. He is now recovering from his injuries, but he does not look at all pretty with his bandaged head and his nose in splints, and it is believed that he will not again disturb his comrades with any more masquerades in ghostly costume.

Distinguished Scholars of Brooklyn (N. Y.) Schools.

WILLIAM T. BROWN,

PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 35, LEWIS AVENUE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

WILLIAM T. BROWN, PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 35, LEWIS AVENUE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

WILLIAM T. BROWN is a distinguished pupil of the first grammar grade class of Grammar School No. 35, Lewis Avenue, corner of Decatur Street, Brooklyn. He was born in England, May 7th, 1864, making him fifteen years of age. He is the son of James and Elizabeth Brown. He first attended school in England, and after coming to the United States at the age of twelve years, he entered the first primary class of his present school. He studied with attention, and has been regularly promoted, until he is now a most promising pupil of the highest class in the school. The Principal indorsed him as a worthy boy and meritorious pupil. It is a great satisfaction to his teachers to observe not only his constant improvement, but his own earnest efforts to make the best use of his school opportunities. Never since he came to the school has he occupied any save an honorable position, both as regards study and deportment, and in all the classes he has been regarded as a valuable example to his classmates. He has a pleasant face and good manners. He is a happy illustration of the certainty of success in the public schools, no matter at what period the pupil may enter them.

Grammar School No. 35 is under the efficient principalship of W. A. Welch, and, though in one of the most distant sections of Brooklyn, has over twelve hundred pupils. It occupies a nearly new building in a very attractive and growing neighborhood.

WILLIAM J. KENNEY,

PUPIL OF PUBLIC SCHOOL NO. 23, BROOKLYN (E. D.), N. Y.

WILLIAM J. KENNEY is a promising youth who is studying in the highest class of his school. In introducing him to us the Principal of the school spoke very warmly in his behalf. His whole school career has been in the same school. He entered the lowest class in the Primary Department, and he has studied with a patient application in all the studies. We were informed that in the different branches which are studied in the first class, and are, of course, the most difficult, he is making his best record since he entered the school. He accomplishes his tasks by a willing perseverance, and he is not satisfied except he reaches a clear understanding of each subject. As he has grown older he has been the advantages of knowledge, and his ambition has been thoroughly awakened to do his best. He has a natural taste for music, and plays the violin with considerable skill. He was born in Brooklyn, March 25th, 1861, and is the son of Joseph and Mary Kenney. He is well-grown and manly in his appearance. His head is large, with a fine brow and other good features. There is everything about him to approve and admire at this time, and it is with the hope that he may be hereafter added to the ranks of worthy and active men that he is noticed here.

THE JANITOR'S BOY.

A STORY OF NEW YORK.

By WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE directions given to Mrs. Bounce by the doctor were very few and simple.

Clip would have some pain for a day or two, perhaps longer. She would have some fever, and he would be back that evening to see how much. No medicine would be needed yet. She must be kept cool and quiet. No harm to read to her, but she had better not do too much talking.

And then he followed his three friends down the narrow stairs, and the worst of Clip's great trial was over.

Plenty of patience and courage to be called for, yet, but even in the dreamy, troubled state in which she was now lying, her hope and courage were uppermost, for her lips parted with:

"Grandma, now I shall walk. Only think!"

"Clip, darlin'," exclaimed the weeping old woman, "ye're an angil, and all ye nade is wings. Sure an' I'd rather see ye walkin' than flyin'. What'll I iver do widout ye?"

"I'll stay with you, grandma."

"Vandy, dear, just run down to the corner an' tell that owld vagabone she may sill the oranges at wan cint. And then ye'll come back agin, Vandy?"

"I'll come straight back."

"Good for ye. He's a fine b'ye, Clip, and it's a great comfort he's been to me the day, with his prisence and his conversashin."

But Clip made no reply, for the mild opiate she had taken did not altogether destroy her sense of pain, and there was a continual throb, throb, throb, in those disturbed sinews down there.

Would that limb ever come out to the full proportions of its mate?

If so, she would bear anything.

The thought was growing in her mind that there would be something unsatisfactory in a limp, after all. It would be so beautiful to be able to jump, and even dance. She had read about dancing — read of splendid rooms filled with happy people, who whirled and capered, and could use one tool just as well as they could the other.

"Neither of mine has ever done any dancing," thought Clip. "Not since I was a little bit of a girl, and that was ever so long ago."

Ever so long, but there had been times when she had been permitted to hobble around on one foot, and so she felt sure that one would do its duty when the time came.

Vandy did his errand at the corner and received for reply:

"Till Mrs. Bounce that I'm doin' wonderful. I've sowld a hape o' paynuts, not to speak of candy and bananas. And sure it's a good business. Two of 'em wanted me 'pinion of the sthock market, and wan asked me was goold a good invishmint."

"I'll tell her," said Vandy; "cent a piece for the oranges."

"A cint it is, an' a grand thing for the childher that's got a cint. More's the pity for them as hasn't."

A little knot of these were at that very moment hovering near, eying the good things on the stand with faces which told only too plainly of their empty pockets.

Vandy's heart was never a hard one, and it was particularly soft at the time.

"Look a' here, you. Don't you want some oranges? Come on."

The toddler he spoke to looked at him in some hesitation, but the fat, grimy little hand came out after the orange, and then had to be helped by the other hand to hold so big a one.

"Me, too! me, too!"

"Yes, you, too; and you, and you, and you."

They came up fast enough now, as Vandy seized one after the other of the tempting yellow fruit from the stand.

"What are ye doin', thin? It's mesilf must answer to Mrs. Bounce, and she knows every orange by name and number."

"Hush up. There's a dime. I'll give away ten. Isn't my money as good as any one's?"

"It's little I care who ates 'em, so long as they're paid for."

"Hullo, boy, what are you up to?" exclaimed a well-dressed gentleman, who was passing.

"Giving the gutter-snipes a treat. Only costs ten cents."

"All that fun for a dime. There's a troop of 'em coming, I say, old woman, there's a half. Hand out for me, boy. Anything there is on the stand. Look here, old woman; don't you throw that fifty cents on stocks. They don't begin to pay like peddling peanuts."

And the fat man walked off a few paces and stood still, seeming to take a huge delight in the eagerness with which an increasing swarm of ragged little mortals came to that treat. How they knew of it was past guessing, or where they came from so suddenly, but the fifty cents was used up in a twinkling, and Vandy MacNamara actually expended another quarter of his own money before he escaped from the excited little faces and the eagerly expectant hands that were held out.

It seemed as if it would have been cruel to disappoint one of them, but Vandy's eyes were too sharp and his memory too good for several juvenile tramps who "came back for more."

"No, you don't. You've had yours. Come again next year."

WILLIAM J. KENNEY, PUPIL OF PUBLIC SCHOOL NO. 23, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

They would have come again all day, but the fat man had had his fun and walked dignifiedly away, and Vandy was now in a hurry to get back to Clip.

"It's Clip's treat," he said to Mrs. Bounce, when he told her merrily the experiment he had been trying.

"And the fat gintleman paid for 'em? and yerself did? An' what was it ye said he said about sthocks? Don't till me, thin; not now. Clip's trate? And she not there? Vandy MacNamara, is it that way ye spind yer money? I'll pay back ivery cint!"

"No, you won't, then. If I could see Clip walk, I'd want to treat all the ward."

"So would I, thin. I'm a pore, lone woman, but the day Clip puts her feet to the ground, I'll sell paynuts for nothing a pint, and riddy roasted at that."

"You ought to have seen 'em eat."

"Sure an' I've enjoyed that same many a time, ayvin when I knowred they'd ohiole what they was 'atin'. Ye're a toine b'ye, Vandy, and it's a good heart of yer own ye've got inside of ye."

"Where else would I keep it? Does it hurt you now, Clip."

"Oh, yes, it does, but not so much, except now and then. "Oh, Vandy, won't you read to me?"

"What can I read?"

"Aathing, Vandy. I'd try and listen."

"And I'll go, then," exclaimed Mrs. Bounce. "Seems to me it wud releave me feelin's to sit behind the ould stand and smoke a bit of a pipe."

Off she went, and in another moment was chaffering with her temporary substitute as to the extent and value of the trade done in her absence.

There were important points to be settled, but Mrs. Moloney had done well, and stood in too much awe of her employer to have prigged the value of a peanut.

Twice already, the tremendous policeman of that beat had been compelled to clear away from that corner the returning waves of small boys and girls, who had shared in or had heard of the unexampled liberality there dealt out at the hands of Vandy MacNamara.

They were coming again now, but the word passed rapidly from mouth to mouth:

"Mother Bounce is back! Mother Bounce is back!"

And thenceforward there was no call for the services of the police. The mob dispersed of its own accord, and the channels of trade—that one, at least—were in no further danger of interruption.

As for Vandy MacNamara, anxious as he was to be of use to Clip, she had called him to a trial. He had read a great deal, to be sure, for a boy of his description, but he had done most of it in the retirement of his own flat roof, or of one near it, and never aloud to anybody.

Besides that, the books on Clip's table were new to him.

So he picked up the newest, not guessing that it was a contribution from the kindly surgeon, and opened it at a venture.

Clip's eyes were shut, and she was evidently suffering. He could not think of asking her any questions.

"Poetry! Little I know of that. Sir Walter Scott. He's not an American. 'Lady of the Lake.' I'll go it, anyhow."

It was a desperate resolve, and showed true courage in Vandy.

But Vandy had a very sweet and musical voice of his own, and the rhythm of the Scottish singer was wonderfully smooth and easy to fall into. It just suited the sympathetic frame of Vandy's mind, somehow, and he shortly found himself actually enjoying what, at another time, he might have pitched from him with boyish disdain.

Page after page, and then Clip opened her lips to say:

"Isn't it beautiful!"

There was a keen, drawing spasm of pain after that, but she bore it silently, and her young friend plunged on. He would have read it if it had been Latin, so long as it pleased Clip, and it was a good deal better than any kind of unknown tongue.

Faint and distant, in a lull of the out-side roar, the chimes of Trinity floated in at the window to say it was noon.

Pen heard and answered, as if he were provoked at a sound he could not imitate, but Vandy read on, with now and then a glance at the pale face on the cushion of the reclining-chair.

The eyes were closed.

Could she be asleep?

"Not dead!"

The book closed as it of itself, but as the sound of his voice ceased, the blue again showed itself between the lids.

"Thank you, Vandy, but it seems to me as if I had been dreaming. Grandma will be here soon."

CHAPTER XXVI.

ABOUT the middle of that afternoon, as Mr. Dunman sat alone in his office, he was drawn away from the letter he was writing by the entrance of somebody, and he looked up.

"Mr. Squam!"

"How do you do to-day, Mr. Dunman? It is a very nice day."

"Very fine. What can I do for you, Mr. Squam?"

"Dot is not it, my dear sir. I haf come to see if I cannot do sometings more for you."

"Business dull, Mr. Squam. Very little use for money. Scarcely know what to do with it."

"Plenty of use, my dear sir. You haf made a great deal."

"So I have, and I mean to keep it. Can't run risks and pay high interest, these days."

"You shall not pay me so mosh, den. I gif you good figures on good segurity. You always git me good segurities."

"Of course I do. No man never lost a cent by me, or ever will."

But in vain did Mr. Squam offer inducements. The best he could get from Dunman was an admission that he was considering some ventures which might call for more cash than he had on hand, and that, in that case, he might borrow a moderate amount.

"At a fair rate, though. No more two per cent. a month for me, Mr. Squam. It eats up everything."

"I do de right ding by you. I put de figures down to de low-water on good segurity."

Dunman seemed almost nervously anxious to get rid of his visitor, and the eyes put his anxiety very plainly in words.

Was Squam offended?

Not a particle. No man knew better than he that Mr. Dunman's financial acquaintances would have opened their eyes wide at the idea of Connerby & Co. resorting to a "shave" like himself. It would have been a bad thing to tell on them in a bank parlor.

There is nothing else so essentiales as a man's business credit, unless he has sore eyes to compare it with.

And so Mr. Squam walked out, a little discontented with his failure, but more ready than ever to loan money to Dunman "on good segurity," whenever it should be called for.

He paused a moment on the front steps, looking up and down the street.

"Ah, Mr. Squam, is that you? Glad to see you down our way."

"Vot boy are you? Ah! I remember. You vas come to take messages from him."

And he pointed back with his thumb toward the office; but before anything more could be said, Phil Hawkins came hurrying up and brushed hastily past him.

A sharp, inquiring glance was that which Phil gave Mr. Squam, as he said:

"Hullo, Vandy! Want to see you by-and-by."

Vandy nodded, and Mr. Squam only added:

"Vell, you comes up again, I dreat you vell."

"Yes," drawled Vandy. "That's a fine front stoop of yours for a fellow to stand on."

"You come. I show you."

And Mr. Squam was gone, but Vandy's mind began to busy itself about him.

Phil delivered a message to Mr. Dunman, and then added:

"Mr. Dunman, I met a man out there that looks for all the world like the man who picked your pocket on the street-car."

Dunman colored, as he said:

"Ah? Another pickpocket, maybe."

"Perhaps. Only this one seems a good deal older. Might be brothers. I saw them both last night."

"Ah, where was that?"

"At the concert at Steinway Hall. I set the detectives after the other one and had him turned out."

"That was right. Of course you did not mention ——"

"Of course, sir. Not a word. But I didn't mean he should stay and work there."

"Certainly not. I very much regret my inability to secure his proper punishment."

"I'll keep an eye on this fellow, too, if I see him again."

"Do. And if you find anything wrong about him, come and tell me."

"I will, Mr. Dunman."

"There, copy that letter in the general office book. Careful, now. Some of Sile's copies are blurred."

"Not the last ones, sir; he's learning now, very well."

"So he is. So he is. I'm going out, now, for a short time."

He did, and on the steps he whistled for Vandy.

"Vandy, it's nothing in particular. That is, I suppose not. Is that package you gave me to keep something you picked up?"

"Oh, no, sir."

"All right. Then you know the contents of it?"

"No, indeed!" exclaimed Vandy, with a sudden flush on his face; "I never saw the inside of it."

"Didn't you, then? Well, it's all right. I'll keep it for you."

"I——"

"No, no, Vandy; I don't want to ask you any questions. Keep your secret, if you've got one. Keep it as close as you know how. That's all, Vandy. I've nothing for you to do just now. Anything more about the business matter you spoke of?"

"Nothing yet, sir."

And Mr. Dunman walked off, very leisurely, like a man on whose hands business was a trifle dull, but who was not in any manner troubled about it.

He stopped and talked to one and another of his business acquaintances, and one of these pauses happened to be directly in front of the premises still occupied by Vance & Madderley, or all that was left of them.

"Nothing much saved here, Mr. Dunman. Clean sweep. But everybody's sorry for Vance."

"So am I. Haven't seen him since the failure. Guess I'll go in and shake hands with him."

"Do him good. Be worth something to him, too, and very kind of you to think of it. I've always been a friend of Vance."

In he went, and the other stood looking after him, remarking:

"He's a real, good fellow. Always just so pleasant and cordial. He's a tip-top man of business, too."

So he was, and as such he was recognized by Mr. Vance, as the latter welcomed him to his private office.

"Take a seat, Mr. Dunman. Glad to see you. Sorry I can't give you a check for your balance."

"Never mind that, Vance. We all have our turns of fortune. I had a little matter I wanted to speak about. Any word yet from your friend, Madderley?"

"Don't call him my friend, please. Why, he has ruined me."

"So I hear. I know him. Very sharp fellow. Won't get caught."

"I don't believe he will, Mr. Dunman. Looks as if he had planned this for some time."

"Of course he has. Any idea how much he got away with?"

"None at all, but something pretty handsome, I should say."

All the while Mr. Dunman was smiling and placid, but there was something in his manner, nevertheless, which caused Vance a strange sort of nervous sensation.

"My young friend Vandy MacNamara—ahem!"

"Vandy MacNamara!"

"I've a good deal of interest in Vandy."

"Oh, yes, I know him. Used to come with your messages."

"Yes, I employ him, occasionally. Makes me his banker, you know. Sharp, business-like sort of boy, is Vandy."

If Vance could only have controlled the color of his face, he could have managed to ask Dunman what on earth he wanted to say about Vandy MacNamara, or something of the sort, but the white and red were chasing each other across his features too fast for that.

"Ah! You keep things for him?"

"And I don't think it safe for him or for me to keep packages of the contents of which we are both entirely ignorant."

"Mr. Dunman!?"

He hasn't said a word to me—safe as a post. But when I heard of Madderley's conduct, and began to put this and that together, I thought I ought to come and see you about it. That envelope is in my safe, whatever may be inside of it. I don't think I care to know that."

"Mr. Dunman, I know no more about it than you do."

"Ah! You admit giving it to Vandy? I can't quite understand it. Seems to me there's too much of a mystery here."

Poor Vance!

The fates were against him, so far as that mystery was concerned, but he was rapidly gathering his wits.

"Mr. Dunman, there is no sort of mystery. That is, nothing I desire to conceal from a man of your prudence and integrity. I believe that package contains some of the fruits of Madderley's rascality. Not being sure, but half believing he might take it into his head to run away, I put it out of his reach. Out of my custody, too. Had to act in a great hurry, and on the spur of the moment."

"Very properly, so far as I can see. Unless you ought to have arrested Madderley at once."

"What for? And then men do not always act the wisest in times of excitement. I shall now insist on opening that envelope in your presence. I put my private mark on it."

"So will I, then. Ask Vandy for it, and I will give it to him."

Vance now went right on and fully explained the matter to Dunman so far as he could, adding, with a chuckle:

"Wherever he is to day, I hope he has opened the envelope he took away with him."

He took it, then?"

"I've reason to think so."

"Well, I do not believe Vandy had the other in his hands five minutes. You'll know at once if he has tampered with it."

"Of course I will. I will go and find him, pretty soon, and I will afterward be guided by your advice as to what I shall do."

Dunman arose and walked out of the office, leaving behind him another man from whose mind a dream of possible "capital to start again with" had vanished like smoke.

But then his pill was not by any means so bad to take as Madderley's. ——

CHAPTER XXVII.

VANDY remained that day, trying his best to comfort Clip, until the return of Mrs. Bounce set him at liberty, and never before, in all his life, had he spent his time in a way more entirely satisfactory to himself.

"Ye can go, now, Vandy," said Mrs. Bounce, after she had crooned and flattered around her granddaughter for a minute or so. "But I'd like to see ye the avenin'."

"I'll be around."

"It's about the 'baccy business I'd spake wid ye, and we won't lave Clip long alone."

"I wouldn't mind that, grandma. Vandy's been real good to me."

"So he has, thin. And it's good and thrue I'll be to Vandy."

It was a study worth while to watch the hard features of that strange old woman sometimes. Good and evil were both in her, no doubt, and a vast amount of ignorance as well, and that often operates as a kind of evil.

So does a certain kind of intelligence, as in Madderley's case, and that of many another who could scarcely claim "ignorance" as an excuse for his errors and misdoings.

Mrs. Bounce attended faithfully to her granddaughter, for Mrs. Maloney was once more on guard at the stand, and her time was her own.

If Clip had been able she might have noticed how often her grandmother went over to her own room, shutting the door behind her, and what an unusual bustle and bustle there was on the stairs that afternoon.

Mrs. Bounce had explained the matter to herself, though not to Clip.

"Vandy's seen 'em now, and he'll be askin' questions about 'em. They've been there long enough, any way. It's more'n one dhray-load, and not enough for two. It's the small dhrays I'll get and send them to different places. This I'll clane out the rooms below. All on 'em's had toime enough, and there's plinty second-hand furniture min in the city."

Very second-hand, indeed, under thick disguises of dust, did everything look which came out of that room, but some of it put on another appearance, afterward, in the places where it was exposed for sale.

But brushing and beating and rubbing with damp cloths and with oil had a good deal to do with the change. It was little of that that had come to them under Mother Bounce's roof.

Days afterward, at odd hours, there were other drays at work, as if that had been a big lodging-house, and all the tenants were moving.

"That 'en long agin for dhirt," said Mrs. Bounce to the policeman at the corner. "Sure and there's some of 'em I bought for a bargain. Dear knows ave I'll iver see me money out of 'em."

"Not if you paid much, I reckon," was the encouraging reply, for the dust and dirt was the plainest part of that stock then in sight.

But that afternoon, as soon as the drays were gone, Mrs. Bounce took turns between watching Clip and working in her own room as a house-cleaner. A very vigorous one she was, too, and even the windows got a scrubbing.

"While Vandy goes in there ag'in it won't be the same at all, at all."

No more it would, for there was a decent carpet on the floor, and the remaining furniture was quite as good as it needed to be, only that it was all odds and ends, like Clip's.

A busy afternoon that was for the senior member of the firm of Mother Bounce & MacNamara, but it had been somewhat dull for her young partner up to the time when Phil Hawkins passed him.

"Want to go on another expedition, do they? Well, I can't go with them this time." Not a great many minutes later he exclaimed: "Hullo, if there isn't Vance across the street."

There he was, indeed, and the watchful eyes of Vandy caught a signal from him.

"Want your package, Mr. Vance?" he asked, as he hurried over and joined him.

"That's it. I'll walk on down the street, and you get it and follow me. Be quick as you can."

"I may be some minutes, sir. I can't just tell."

For it occurred to Vandy that he might fail to find Mr. Dunman in his office.

Vance knew very well that he was not there, but he expected about what happened. Vandy had scarcely gone into the building before Mr. Dunman walked in behind him.

"Looking for me, Vandy?"

"Yes, sir. If you'd be good enough to give me my package."

"Certainly, Vandy; no charge for storage, either."

He was gone but a few seconds, and then he held it out with:

"There it is, Vandy. Take a good look at it."

"Thank you, sir. It's not mine, but I'm obliged, all the same."

"Don't lumber yourself up with other men's property, my boy. It's bad to have around."

Vandy felt a little that way, and was glad enough to follow his friend's advice, for he had had some misgivings concerning that deposit.

There was something queer and out of the common way about the whole affair.

He put his package under his coat, but not until he had removed the string and wrapper, that it might be returned exactly as he had received it.

Down the street, and before he had gone three blocks, he saw Vance returning to meet him.

"There it is, sir, safe and sound."

"Thank you, Vandy. Don't speak of it to anybody. That's for you."

"All right, sir."

But Vandy was decidedly taken aback when he unfolded the paper handed him and found that it was a five-dollar bill.

"Don't know about taking so much as that from a man who is just been cleaned out. But he's gone, now, and it's too late. Perhaps he knows what he's about."

Perhaps. At all events, Mr. Vance keenly scrutinized the outside of that envelope the moment he was alone in his office.

"No mistake about it. There's the pencil mark I made in the corner. Wish I dared open it, but I can't till Dunman's here. Wonder if he'll come again to-day? I'll look it up, anyhow. There! I never thought of that! Our firm's imprint on the envelope. That's how Dunman came to guess where it came from. The riddle's all solved now. Almost any one man would have suspected. As to a fellow like Dunman, why, I might as well have written it all out in full. But, then, who'd have thought Vandy MacNamara would have gone to him? Can't blame Vandy, though. He did the best he knew how."

So he had, and he was feeling decidedly relieved to have done with it altogether, in spite of that five-dollar bill in his pocket.

Vance wrapped a newspaper around the envelope and put it away in his safe, from which a great part of the contents had been already removed by the experts employed by the firm's creditors. They had left only such things as would be of no further use to them in their investigations, and Vance knew it would not be again disturbed that day.

Still, it would not do to let it remain there too long; and he was a trifle disappointed, an hour later, to receive, by the hands of Sile Morgan, a note announcing that Mr. Dunman "would call and see him on business as he came down in the morning."

Trusts me, anyhow. How does he know I won't clear out with it to-night?"

Little he guessed how small would have been Mr. Dunman's disappointment if that very evening had seen him on board an outward bound steamer, or racing away in almost any direction.

The clear-headed junior partner of Pennerby & Co. had thought of that very thing, and, to tell the truth, had half expected some such result, under the circumstances.

Again, to tell the truth, the idea came to Vance himself with a strong temptation to put it in immediate practice, but he raised his head proudly, after a moment, and the flash of his eye told that he had conquered it.

"I scarcely know what I meant to do, or what I might have done. But there's one thing I've been learning to-day: Everybody's had a kind word for me, because they thought me honest in this matter. May I be shot and burned if I be ever them now. All there is here goes to the creditors of Vance & Madderley, and Dunman himself shall see that it goes."

A good resolution for Vance, and one full of hope for his future. It is quite likely he looked his friends in the face better, for the remainder of that day, and that he carried a quieter mind home with him.

More comfortable, certainly, than that other mind of the man who was tossing in such a fever of rage and disappointment in the dim little stateroom of the Havana steamer.

Perhaps more comfortable, on some accounts, than the clear and placid mind of the junior partner of the respectable house of Pennerby & Co.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"PHIL," said Sile Morgan, when he returned from his errand to Vance, "I met Vandy MacNamara outside. He says he can't go with us to-night."

"All right. Then we won't come down-town. I wanted to be polite to him, that's all. He isn't one of our sort, you know."

Sile knew it, and yet he did not exactly comprehend the difference in the social positions of Phil and Vandy. Not half so well as Vandy himself would have done, and the Janitor's Boy had altogether too much pride and self-respect to have given any man a chance to say he was looking to those above him. He meant to be any man's equal some day. He felt that he had it in him, and he would not have called any living boy his superior for the world; but he knew very well what notions people had about such things.

Everybody has that sort of notion in one form or another, and there is a good deal of out-and-out foolishness said and done as a consequence, but it can't be got rid of till men are as wise as Burns, and understand that:

"Rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gold, for all that."

As for Sile Morgan, there had been less of it out in the country, and he had been used to associating with all the decent boys of his neighborhood. He was ready now to meet Vandy MacNamara as every way his equal, but he did not give the matter much thought, and promised to come up for Phil for a stroll after tea.

"I'll be through dinner," said Phil, "and we can take a turn at the billiard-table before we go out. I never play at any of the billiard saloons."

Sile wondered how the boys got along who had no tables in their own houses, but that was one of the problems of life that neither he nor anybody else ever solved in a satisfactory way.

He guessed they either had to do without or play at public tables, and he was not far from right; more's the pity, for there are not very good places for boys to spend their evenings in, and they are a terrible waste of time and money.

Sile won on hand, though, and the billiards were played, and then the two sallied out, with a promise to Phil's mother to be home early.

She knew he would keep it, and she knew it would not do to tie up such a boy at home all the while, but she was too wise a woman not to keep a pretty sharp lookout after her only boy.

Sile was getting a little used to the brilliant streets and the crowds, and he would have been much better able to find his way then at first. New York is an easy place for that, anyhow, owing to the good arrangement of the streets.

They took a look at some of the hotels as they went along, and were discussing where they should go next, as they strolled into Madison Square, when Phil whispered:

"Look there! Both of 'em."

"Talking together."

"They're not strangers, then."

"More like brothers, and it's hard to say which has got the biggest nose."

"Or the hookedest."

"Well, we know one of 'em's a pickpocket, and I guess the other isn't a great deal better."

Perhaps not, but the grayer of the two was Mr. Squam, and he was talking to the fellow Phil had turned out of Steinway Hall.

It was something of a discovery to make, although neither of the two boys knew anything about Mr. Squam, or his business transactions with Mr. Donman. Vandy MacNamara could have given them some information on that head.

They had not gone twenty steps further before they heard voices behind them, exclaiming:

"Spoons! spoons! Hustle 'em!"

"Quick! Side. They mean us."

"What is it, Phil?"

"Hoodlums. They'll show you. Give 'em your fist."

There were four or five of them, tough-looking young fellows of about the age of Phil and Side.

That was no place for a fight, of course, but they could give the two friends a good "rush" and a sharp punching, as they went by, and then they could scatter before a policeman could get there.

That is, they meant to do all that, and great fun it would have been for them if it had not been for a mistake or two.

Who made the mistake?

Well, Phil Hawkins must have taked the nose of one for a sandbag. They came on at a run, arm-in-arm, and Phil hit that nose beautifully, as he danced back and let fly his left at the waistband of another.

Side saw at a glance that Phil knew how to box, and both of the other fellows must have gathered as much, but Side was no boxer.

He scarcely knew exactly what to do, and so he punched away as fast as he could with his walking-stick, not striking, but making a kind of bayonet of it.

That stick was just made for that sort of fun, with its iron ferule running down almost to a point.

There were yells and shouts and a break up of the hustling line.

"Back to back," said Phil. "We mustn't let them get behind us. They'll punch as well it we do."

The yells were too loud, for some of them told of pain as well as anger, and all the "fun" was over in half a minute, for one of the hustlers shouted:

"There's a cop coming!"

And the whole lot broke away as fast as their legs could carry them, two of them limping pretty smartly, and one holding his handkerchief on his nose.

"What shall we do, Phil?"

"Do, Side? Why, stand still and give an account of ourselves."

"Rate them off, did ye? The young blatherskites! I know 'em. Ye stood yer ground good, ye did. Small tun they had, or I'm mistaken. Did they hit either of ye?"

"Not a bit," said Phil. "They were going to hustle us."

"That's their game. And it's rale sowardly they are, tryin' it on women and old gentlemen. Now and then they tries it on the wrong chaps, though."

"I see so," said Phil.

"T'other night, now, it was them, or others like them, that set out to hustle a little owld chap wid a broad-brim hat, and they all wint over like ninepins before they knowed he was the proprietor of a gymnasium. They knowed it well enough when they kem to pick themselves up, they did."

So there was no need of any further explanation of the matter, but Side had received another lesson in city life, and in the use a good walking-stick can be put to.

"Let's go to the minstrels and get a good laugh," said Phil. "I don't care to just stroll around to-night."

"I'm willing, only I must take care of my money. You know I've got five dollars to pay at the Library Association, and a good deal more by-and-by."

"Well, you'll begin to draw books pretty soon, and it's too hot weather even then to read much. Come on."

Side could not see but what it was as good as anything, but he began to understand that it costs something to be amused.

Meantime, Vandy MacNamara had been amusing himself in a very different way. His father had complained of a special allowance of rheumatism, and Vandy's share of the work had been a pretty large one in consequence, but he hurried through with it.

He was particularly anxious to see how Clip was getting along, and then, too, he had some curiosity about that tobacco business.

He had just made an end of his duties, and was walking down Otter Street, when who should he meet but his friend McGuire, the boatman, to whom Mrs. Bounce had referred him concerning her sailor acquaintance.

"Is it me Cousin Din's ye're axin', Vandy? Where did ye come across him?"

"Didn't come across him. All I want to know is what you think of him. Is he all right?"

"Honest as the day, and a foine boy to dale wid. Only he's a bit independent-like in his noshins, and some folks thinks he's queer."

"He's queer, is he?"

"Well, there's them as can't allers find him when they wants him, but he kapes his word like a man."

One or two questions more, and the answers he got satisfied Vandy that the reputation of Denis was pretty safe in the hands of his cousin, however "queer" he might be.

He knew very well, however, that a short word sometimes means a great deal, and he thought he would like to know more of Denis.

"Not a river-thief, that's quite likely. But it he isn't that, what is he, and what has Mother Bounce to do with him?"

He determined to find out, but not by questioning Mrs. Bounce. When he reached her room, indeed, the sight of Clip drove other matters out of his mind for the time. He was glad to learn that the doctor had been there and that he seemed well pleased with the way she was getting on. She never was more than half scared, and the pain steadily diminishing.

"Mebbe she'll shape a bit, while we're gone, Vandy. You and I might as well be trampin', it's not for we have to go."

If any of Vandy's acquaintances had seen him that night, sauntering along at the side of Mother Bounce, they might have wondered what it all meant, but Mr. Garcia did not express any surprise on their arrival.

"This is me pardner, Mr. Garcia—Mr. Vandy MacNamara. And ye're to lit him take a full 'count of the shock on hand."

"To-night, madam?"

"Day time be seen fit to come and take it. He'll give a good luk at ivverythin' the now. Be sharp, Vandy; I want ye to learn all ye can in a twinkle-like."

Vandy scarcely knew where to begin, but the old Spaniard was too well used to Mother Bounce and her ways not to get himself at work, and Vandy soon began to get the hang of that cigar divan.

It was not so large but what a man could soon see the whole of it, but it contained a good deal, nevertheless, and Vandy made up his mind that he two hundred dollars would not go far in the way of paying for half of it.

"There 'll be another lot brought in the night, Mr. Garcia," remarked Mrs. Bounce, in an under tone. "Ye'll know what to do wid thim."

"I'd better leave all dat to Señor MacNamara. Is he so very much used to be look, madam?"

"Young, Mr. Garcia? Not a day owlder than yersilf, but mebbe he's not so young as I am. What is it to ye, Mr. Garcia, so long as he pays reg'lar and knows what he's about, I'd like to know?"

"Nothing at all, madam, but I must look out for myself a bettle. I like not too much boys."

"Did ye hear him, Vandy? The old Spanish doubloon called ye a b'ye."

"He's another, then," said Vandy, who was peering among some boxes of pipes with the air of a man who knew what he was about. Lots of that sort and knew all about them. "Tell him I'll be around to-morrow and get better acquainted with him."

"That will suit me, señor."

"Who do you buy of?"

"Oh, most all bodies. Ye buy for cash, and ye buy cheap. Ye make de money. Ask Mrs. Bounce will tell you, and de books haf all de names. You see ven you come, I show you."

"Dade an' he will, Vandy. It's little there is to learn for a man loike yersilf. Ye must tache the thrade to Mr. Garcia."

Vandy had never smoked in his life, his first trials having only resulted in making him deathly sick, and he scarcely knew one cigar from another, except by the size; but neither he nor the polite old Spaniard, a thorough expert, took the least exception to Mrs. Bounce's somewhat bounding remark.

Vandy finished his brief survey of the premises and walked out, after a ceremonious handshaking.

"Will ye do it, Vandy, dear? Sure an' it's plumbbered I am."

"I think I will, Mother Bounce. But I want a good look at the accounts first. I'll tell you when I've seen them."

"Good for ye, thin. I'll go back to Clip. Come around in the mornin' an' take a luk at the sthand. It's the illigant lot of benaners I'll have to show ye. There's profits comin' to ye there, Vandy MacNamara."

"I'll walk along with you to Otter Street, and I'll be on hand in the morning. Remember me kindly to Clip."

(To be continued.)

"The Janitor's Boy" was commenced in No. 698.

Through the Heart of Japan.

By COMMODORE AH-LOOK,

Author of "KEEP YOUR BOUNDS," "INVENTIVE BEN," "ORVILLE AND DAN," "THE CHUMS AT HARVARD COLLEGE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

IN WHICH JOHNNIE PARTAKES OF A STRANGE BIRD.

INSTEAD of betraying alarm at the demonstration of the infuriated innkeeper, and shrinking at the sight of the grass-cutters' sickles, Johnnie coolly demanded:

"Why should you kill me?"

"Because you have swallowed my relics," cried the woman. "Foyin somono (foreign invader, animal), you have insulted my holy faith, and rendered me a ruined tea-house-keeping lady."

Although the grass-gatherers yelled vociferously and the women servants screamed, none of them advanced in obedience to the order of their mistress, noticing which she soon calmed, and changing her tone, prostrated herself, saying:

"Oh, *Sama*, you have devoured what cost my husband a hundred yen (dollars). We had to borrow the money at a high rate of interest, and have only lately cleared off the debt. You must return the relics."

"Here, don't fool with the woman, Brack," growled Dan, in English. "You know you haven't swallowed the confounded things!"

Their hostess was prostrate on the matted floor, wringing and lamenting her loss, and the crystal box was lying by her side.

Johnnie picked it up and pretended to examine it carefully, as he did so replacing the glass pellets, which he had merely hidden in his sleeve.

"Why, lady," he suddenly exclaimed, "what are you making such a confounded fuss about? The pills are here."

Their hostess raised her head, gazed incredulously at him, sat up upon her heels, and taking the box from his hand, squinted into it, then ejaculated:

"A miracle! The ijin certainly swallowed the soul-pills, but Buddha has restored them!"

"Hurra!" cried her servants, who, having partaken of the visitors' bounty, did not feel like injuring Johnnie; besides which, they knew the story would be a good one to relate to credulous guests.

"Now, you must go away, *Sama*," she said, as she wrapped the crystal box in a silken square and deposited it in a lacquered case. "Ah, if you would only forsake your faith and embrace ours!"

"That will do, my good woman!" remarked Benkei, in a severe tone. "It is enough for you to believe without expecting these gentlemen from afar to credit such nonsense."

"Oh, la'e bless me!" she snapped, as she rose in order to quit the room. "How very soon some people forget their old business! When I lived in Iburi, before I was married, I often bought soul-ball grapes of you. How quickly your hair has grown over the burnt spots on your head! Were you imbued with the true spirit of Old Japan you would stand up for our customs, not abuse them and cry nonsense!"

This speech was received with cries of approval on the part of the grass-cutters and waitresses, who had no sympathy with the "advanced" party of their countrymen.

"Enough, madam!" said Benkei. "What I am or have done I will leave to those who are better able to judge than yourself! Please serve our meal as soon as possible."

"Certainly," she politely replied. "I do not wish to anger you, all I desire being the privilege of thinking as I please! I belong to the Woman's Rights Association, and consider I am as good a judge of matters as any man!"

After she had quitted the room her people bowed to the guests and retired.

"You will have up-hill work, Ben, teaching such creatures as that!" remarked Doh Mortimer. "Just fancy, she actually believes in those soul-pills!"

"Yes," said Orville. "What Japan requires is American teachers! You must unpack a school-marm for every hamlet, have a properly furnished high school in each town, and a normal college in every provincial city. If the Government does what I suggest, in ten years no Japanese child would believe in such confounded rubbish as soul-pills, ghosts, or things of that sort. I'd place the bureau under the control of an American who had been a city superintendent of our public schools; he would enlighten you! Excuse my plain speaking, Benkei, but Japan will never be a great nation until your people adopt our admirable system of common school education, and renounce their belief in bogies!"

"That's so!" said Dan. "Orv has hit the right nail on the head! When we again have an audience with the Mikado I shall suggest those reforms to him. Now," appealing to Benkei, "don't you agree with us, Ben, and others?"

The doctor smiled, and, taking up a Tokio newspaper, which one of the waitresses had placed on the mat by him, opened it, remarking, as he did so:

"Here is a copy of the *Sanshi (ronins' paper)*. I saw one of them at home. Let me read you something from it. You must not be offended!"

"Go ahead!" cried Johnnie. "We have all been telling you what your countrymen ought to do and picking holes in your coat. Now let us hear what Japanese, who dislike us, say about our folks."

Benkei searched the columns, then read:

"In the native schools taught by foreigners the average at reading, writing and calculation is forty-three. In the native schools conducted by our own countrymen who have been educated abroad, the average is eighty-seven; yet these 70-pin are continually urging us, with tongue and pen, to import more of their teachers, who demand and obtain ten times as much salary as our own instructors. Comment on this is needless!"

"That wipes out your argument, Orv!" said Brackett. "You've not a leg to stand on!"

"I still think, Ben, the head of your department of education ought to be an American," said Orville. "Such men would banish all nonsensical superstitions like those concerning soul-pills, *kamakiachi*, and ghosts, from the national mind. It takes a foreigner many years to acquire our language and understand our school system, and while he is learning we are progressing so rapidly that at the end of the term he is ten years behind."

"Fiddlesticks!" said Johnnie. "Benkei is a living illustration of the absurdity of your arguments. The Japanese learn the latest of our discoveries and advance as fast as their schoolmates and college-chums. You must be crazy to talk like that, Orv."

Quite an animated discussion ensued, and finally Orville was obliged to admit the truth of Brackett's statements.

"Yes, I'll own that," he said. "Still I think the head of all the school teachers in Japan should be a man who had filled that position in one of our great cities. He would do more toward knocking your ingrained superstition higher than a site than would a thousand men like Chum, who, with all respect for him, still retains the ancient belief in—well, ghosts and such rubbish."

Benkei laughed heartily at this, then turning over the pages of the journal, quietly answered:

"Listen, my friends," and read as follows:

"What annoys us is this: Those foreigners, who pretend to be our counselors, are only clamoring for positions, and anxious to draw rice and fish (literally, their bread) from the bosom of Japan. When they hear the foolish remarks of our ignorant people they cry 'Superstition,' while they are worse than the most ignorant of us. We have, after a careful examination of the various school systems of other nations, perfected one suitable to our own people. 'You ought to have an Englishman or an American at the head of that department,' they say; 'you don't know enough to run it.' Now let us give you a specimen from a New York paper devoted to the scholastic interest. 'We regret to learn that our beloved chief superintendent of public schools has been compelled to resign his charge through the pressure brought to bear upon him by those who denounce his belief in spiritual-m. Whatever may be his ideas on that subject, and for them we can only have the most profound respect, he is the best man we have—the ripe fruit of our perfected school system. He must and shall be reinstated. That he firmly believes in the supernatural he does not attempt to deny, but his faith in no way impairs his ability to fill the high office of chief superintendent of our schools. Such arguments as those brought forward by his enemies are worthy of nations like the Chinese or Japanese.' Once more we (the editor) can emphatically remark, comment is unnecessary."

"Once more we Americans ought emphatically to vow to mind our own business," chuckled Johnnie. "Say, Orv, you're nowhere, old man."

"It seems to me the Japanese are perfectly able to take charge of their own affairs," said Don. "We have for so long been teachers that we forget our pupils are, in many things, as far advanced as ourselves."

"I read the superintendent's book for a lark," said Brackett, "and my opinion is the Japanese can, at telling ghost stories, give him fifty credits and beat him in composition. Why, he don't begin to know half what you folks have forgotten about spirits, Ben. You ought to get his work."

"I've read the *Kaahi-Seibun* (collection of ancient myths), said the doctor. "I prefer to enrich my mind by perusing the productions of your men of science. Mr. Chum, after Mr. Ah, as the editor of the *Sanshi* says, with regard to what Japan is doing toward educating her people, comment is unnecessary."

"I'm going to enrich my mind with some food," said Johnnie, with a grin, as a file of waitresses entered with the dinner, and proceeded to place the huge dishes upon the matted floor. "What have you got there, miss?"

The girl addressed glanced at the head attendant, who, bowing, replied:

"*Sama*, this is *somono* (vermicelli), flavored with *kamabuku* (dried fish-paste). The next dish contains *shiso-bigiru* (salted whale) served with *soba*" (buckwheat macaroni).

"It must have been a very strong whale," said Brackett, sniffing suspiciously. "Guess they hung it too long. Even in death it's powerful."

"Oh, it was a big, big fish," said the head waitress. "It came from Yezo. We consider it a great delicacy."

"Tastes differ," murmured Johnnie, who had never before sat down to a native dinner. "What is in that bowl?—limburger cheese?"

"*Misomono*" (vegetables preserved in *miso* fermented beans), she merrily replied. "Oh, it is so nice, *Sama!*. We have a saying, 'Those who eat *misomono* always retain a remembrance of the dish.'"

"I can believe that," said Brackett, moving away from the stuff, which, like many Japanese articles of food, smelled abominably. "Have you no roasted ducks and green peas, saddle-rock oysters, tenderloin steak, softshell crabs or mutton chops?"

The woman listened with amazement, while his chums helped themselves to the food and laughed.

"We have ducks and geese," she respectfully answered, "but do not eat them until the cold weather. "I can give you a bird and some fried eggs."

"Yes, yes," said Johnnie, glancing ruefully at his companions, who were attacking the highly perfumed contents of the dishes. "Scramble me an egg or two, and give me a quail on toast. I'm not particular what it is. A goose will do me, even if it isn't in season."

"Scramble you an egg?" she gasped, he having used the literal Japanese words, which meant "Rush into a crowd and grab what you can get me—an egg." "We never throw eggs about in that way."

Benkei explained, and the waitress went off, leaving Johnnie, who was as hungry as a wolf, picking at some rice.

"You ought to try and accustom yourself to native cookery and food," said Nami. "I'll go into the kitchen and show them how to fix that bird for you. These hill people are unused to your ideas, and may stew the quail with fish powder."

"Oh, don't bother about me," remarked Brackett.

Nami replied it was no trouble, and went off to a rear apartment, where they heard him scolding the cooks.

When he returned he observed:

"I was only just in time; they were about to mince the bird, and serve it with preserved vegetables, as hard as wooden shingle-nails. I showed them how you Americans like such things done—broiled over a quick fire. They will dish it up with baked *imo* (potatoes) and fried *nasau*" (egg-plant).

After a long wait, Johnnie's eyes were gladdened by the entry of a girl bearing a large dish in which was a broiled bird, surrounded with vegetable fixings.

"Is it a wood-duck?" he demanded, smelling at the savory steam that rose from the platter.

"It is a *kami-hiru*," remarked Nami. "Go ahead, chum. Unfortunately for the rest of us, it is the only one they had in the larder."

"Excuse my asking any of you to join me," said Johnnie, as he picked up the bird with his finger and thumb, and transferred it to his plate. "The fact is, I'm too confoundedly hungry, and there isn't enough of this to go round."

"Can't you spare me a wing?" teased Benkei.

"Nary a bone," chuckled the wag. "You fellows can eat anything; I can't."

"I never knew you to be greedy before," said Orv.

"This is yum-yum," mumbled Johnnie, as he attacked the breast, from which he cut the meat with his pocket-knife. "Our folks ought to import these *kami-hiru*. When I get back to Boston, I'll tell the proprietor of the Parker House about them."

He cleaned the skeleton and crunched the tender bones, never so much as glancing at Kura, who, spite the chums' frowns, was endeavoring to attract his attention.

As he pushed the empty dish from him, Nami quietly remarked:

"Johnnie, what do you call a *kami-hiru* in English?"

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE CHUMS MEET MR. SMITH.

"EH?" said Johnnie, turning pale, for he saw Kura's warning signal. "What do we call a *kami-hiru* in English? Why, we haven't any such birds;" adding, as he glanced suspiciously at his smiling chums. "See here, Nami; have you been putting up a gag on me?"

"*Kami* means God, and *hiru* duck," said Nami. "Duck of the gods. Do you imagine I would attempt to serve you a trick?"

"Well, yes," returned Brackett; "I know you would. Say, the confounded thing is *all right*, isn't it? You Japanese eat them, don't you?"

"Yes," gravely answered Nami, "our folks have been known to tackle them during a time of famine."

This speech caused all but Johnnie to laugh.

"Famine?" he ejaculated, making a sickly attempt to smile, and glancing at the well-picked carcass. "You haven't been treating me to a broiled crow, have you?"

The chums yelled with merriment, and guyed him without mercy, Orville remarking:

"When you're in Nihon you should do like the Nihonese."

"Yes," said Mortimer, "eat what is set before you, and not make rude remarks."

"We had to educate ourselves to the cookery of the country," said Dan. "It isn't half bad when you get accustomed to it."

"You said you wanted a broiled bird, and you've got it," chuckled Nami. "He, he, he!"

"Really, teacher," said Kura, who, notwithstanding his great admiration for Johnnie, could not avoid joining in the fun, "our national dishes are very nice to the taste."

"Try some of this *tofu*" (bean curd), urged Benkei. "It is excellent as a dessert."

"I'll let you have all that *tofu*," said Brackett, as he concluded his inspection of the bones. "Say, Nami, when you're done he-he-heeing, perhaps you will tell me what that really was when alive? I'm not very well up in ornithology, still I know that a duck does not have claws like an eagle."

"Shall I end his agony?" asked Nami, glancing at the others.

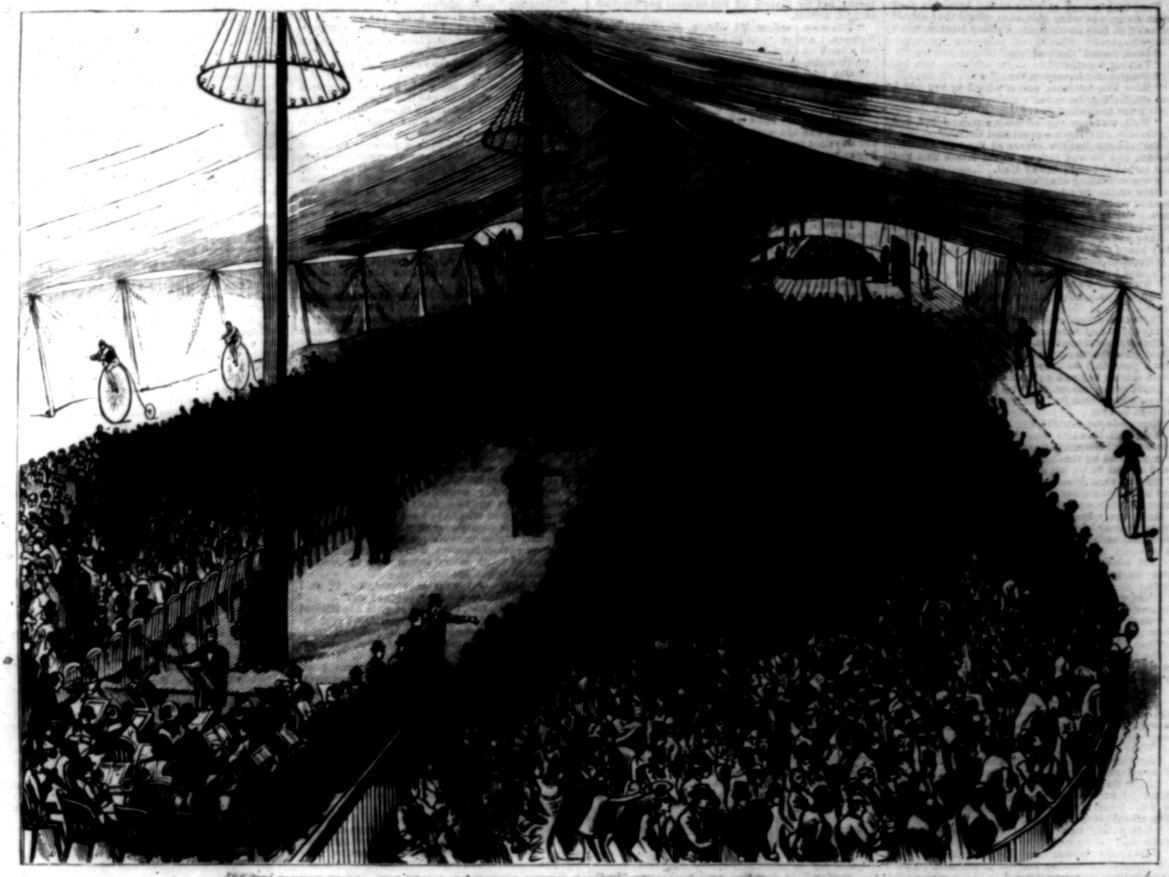
"Yes," they cried; "tell him what it is."

"Well, a *kami-hiru*, or god-duck, is what you Americans call an owl," said the artist. "We have a saying:

'He who will eat an owl
Would devour any fowl.'"

"Oh," cried Johnnie, grinning from ear to ear, "it's an owl, is it? Why, you needn't think you've got any points on me, boys; they're considered a delicacy in Boston."

"Go along, Brack," said Don, in English. "What is the good of telling such a cracker as that?" The waitresses are listening, and will believe what you say. We do not desire the Nihonese to think we eat owls."



THE NEW BICYCLE FEVER.—THE FOUR DAYS' BICYCLE CONTEST FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD, RECENTLY HELD IN BOSTON.

"But we do!" cried the wag, in Japanese, glancing at their hostess, who was peeping in and listening at the door. "It's all very well for you fellows to pretend you have got me, so as to make me look foolish in the eyes of our landlady; you know jolly well that we consider owls a delicacy. Why, they're quoted in our market prices currents. I'll bet you a *yen* they are."

"What nonsense!" said Orv. "It is such persons as yourself who give foreign nations erroneous ideas about us. You never saw owls quoted as articles of food. Come, drop it, Johnnie."

Brackett produced a cutting from a newspaper, and handing it to his chum, observed:

"Read tha'!"

It was a list of market rates for all kinds of provisions, clipped from a *Boston Herald*.

Orville read off the various items of dead meat, then came to the following:

"Live chickens, twenty cents; live ducks, thirty; geese, thirty, and miscellaneous *owls* twenty to twenty-five cents per pound."

Of course it was a misprint for fowls, but Johnnie did not care for that, and translating it to their hostess, said:

"You see, lady of the house, we Americans do eat god-ducks! The fact is, my companions are so anxious to be considered Nihonese that they deny their national food," adding, as he turned to Orv: "Come, old chum, pony up. I will give the money to our worthy hostess as payment for the delicacy to which she has treated me. Not eat owls? Why, some of our Harvard professors were raised on them. They are fine food for the brain."

"Oh, shut up!" whispered the young man. "There's your dollar. Now, for goodness' sake, stop your joking."

The party quitted the dining-room and went into the veranda, leaving the landlady to prepare the bill.

Johnnie stepped back to the room, and handing her the *yen* he had won, said:

"These young fellows who are traveling with me are so taken up with your cookery that they pretend never to have eaten our American food. Accept this *yen*, and remember, whenever you again have foreigners visit you, to serve them a *kami-hiru*—only boil it."

"Did you really like it?" she asked, as, taking the money, she glanced suspiciously at him. "Oh, *Sama!* I thought it was a trick of that fun-loving Mr. Nami. God-ducks are very plentiful hereabouts, and if you gentlemen from afar like such things as an article of diet, I can always serve them."

"There's nothing a true-born American loves so much as a boiled owl," said the wag." "The boys with me are turncoats, and pretend they have played me a trick, in order to curry favor with you and make you believe they have adopted your dietary. You do what I say. The next time a foreigner comes along boil an owl, and serve it up with white sauce and mushrooms. You'll see how his mouth will water at the sight," adding, in a low tone: "Charge him a good price for it; such birds are very expensive in the States."

Johnnie's serious manner, combined with the present behave her, which amounted to as much as her bill for their entertainment, deceived the landlady, and when the party started, she cried:

"*Sai-o-nara!* I'll do as you told me, *Sama*."

As they descended the incline from the inn, Dan said to Brackett:

"What did the woman mean by doing as we told her?"

"That's tellings," he chuckled.

They had scarcely got out of sight when a chunky little Englishman arrived at the inn, riding in a *kago* (litter). He was a fussy, self-important individual, and insisted upon being received and treated like a *dai-mio* (great lord).

"I want the best food in your larder," he cried, swaggering into the house. "Quick! None of your horrible Japanese, salted stuff, but a chicken, or a wild bird and eggs, fresh vegetables, rice, fruit and *saké*."

The hostess, who classed all foreigners as Americans, fell upon her hands and knees and said:

"*Sama*, we will serve you immediately with what you require." After bowing respectfully, she rose, and entering the kitchen, cried:

"Quick, girls. Where can we obtain another *kamu-hiru*? Those red-haired savages from afar are fond of god-ducks."

THE NEW BICYCLE FEVER.—HARRY ETHERINGTON, W. CANN, AND C. TERRONY, THE PROFESSIONAL BICYCLE TEAM NOW VISITING THE UNITED STATES.

"Kawamura, the hunter, keeps an old one," said a porter, who was drying his head towel at the fire. "I don't think the Ijin will be able to get his teeth into it."

"Away you go and purchase the thing," said the woman. "The foreign monster who has just arrived is very hungry, and can probably eat anything."

In due time the owl was procured, killed, scalded, plucked and boiled, and after the new guest had bathed, the hostess bade them serve the delicacy.

She spoke truly when she said he was hungry, the poor man not having tasted solid food for twenty-four hours.

The head waitress placed the chief dish before him, then retired to a respectful distance, while her assistants spread the smaller vessels, containing vegetables, etc., within his reach, and followed her example.

The Britisher produced a knife and fork, and harpooning the bird with the latter, raised it from its thick sauce, when he beheld the creature's enormous head, whereupon he smelt of it and savagely inquired, in English, of the trembling hostess, who was watching him from the doorway:

"See here, vot are you giving me?"

As she did not understand him, he angrily repeated the question in Japanese.

For some moments the poor woman trembled so that she could not reply. However, she presently faltered:

"Don't you Americans like the *kami-hiru*?"

"Americans?" he yelled, in his own tongue, rising and advancing with the bird on his fork. "I ain't an Hamerican! I'm a Hinglishman. This is a how!! A how——!!"

The bewildered hostess retreated to the door, and the waitresses tumbled one over another in their anxiety to escape.

"Stop!" he shouted, in Japanese. "Who told you heanybody ate these blessed things?"

The landlady peeped round the door-post, then said:

"Oh, *Sama!* this morning, some Americans staid at my humble inn, and one of them ate a *kami-hiru* and gave me a *yen* for it. He assured me you considered them a delicacy, and urged me to serve one to the next foreigner who came here. If you travel quickly you will overtake him and his party. They are only a short distance ahead in the canyon."

"It's just like those confounded Yankees!" growled the man. "Blind howl! I'll howl him when we meet!"

He dined off eggs, beans, rice and *saké*, then, amid the subdued titters of the waitresses, threw himself into his *kago*, and bade the bearers hurry ahead as fast as they could trot.

He was not a bad sort of fellow; still, as he emphatically observed to himself:

"I cawn't stand being played such a trick, you know. I'll make the Yankee apologize about that howl!"

On the fourth day after leaving the tea-house, the chums emerged from the mountain range and entered the table-lands of the province of Ishinano.

They had passed through some of the most magnificent scenery in the world, and had been compelled in many places to creep along ledges cut in the rocky walls of the canyons.

ROB ROLLALONG, THE RUNAWAY.—"A HUGE GOAT DASHED OUT OF THE CAVE AND BUTTED HIM IN THE STOMACH, SCATTERING HIM TO THE FOUR WINDS OF HEAVEN, VERY MUCH AS HE HAD DONE THE PROFESSOR."—SEE PAGE 302.

The district at which they had arrived was famous for its silk and petroleum, and Orville pointed out to Johnnie and Dan the hollow bamboo stakes used as stationary torches.

That evening, as the party sat in the veranda of an inn, at a place called Tobito, watching the workmen, who, by the aid of the natural gaslights, were laboring in the fields, they heard the advance guard of the Englishman's bearers cry:

"*Hino-kino!*" (Look out! look out!)

Mr. Smith, the gentleman in question, like many of his countrymen and ours who live in Japan, had fallen into a habit of thinking he was a very great man, and that the natives were little better than so many dogs.

When his *kago* was deposited on the dusty road, before the entrance to the house, he shouted, in Japanese:

"Here, landlady, send some of your people out to carry me in."

It so happened that the hostess was in the kitchen; however, on hearing the great man's command, two buxom girls quitted the house, and lifting Mr. Smith from the litter, were actually carrying him in, when Johnnie started to his feet, crying: "Drop him! he's got the varioloid, and we won't have him here."

Brackett, like a true American, hated to see a woman doing menial work, and being doubly annoyed by the arrogant manner of the new arrival, was determined to serve him a trick; little imagining the Britisher had already suffered from one of his practical jokes. The waitresses held the haughty foreigner for one instant, then let him go "thud" into the dust, and darted indoors.

No disease in Japan is more dreaded than the varioloid, which usually develops into a virulent form, and, like cholera, annually claims thousands of victims.

It was, therefore, not astonishing that the girls were scared.

"Sir," sternly replied the way, "I presume from your language you are an Englishman."

"I ham!" snapped the other. "I presume from your language you are a blessed Yankee."

"Ker-rect! Where did you contract your trouble? You must not come in here; this isn't a hospital."

"You can't break quarantine here, if you do at the ports."

The Englishman, imagining Johnnie had presented a pistol at him, whipped out his revolver, exclaiming: "Two can play at that game."

"Here! stop this!" cried Orville, rising with the rest of his party, and stepping between the wag and his victim. "The joke has gone far enough."

"He's got the varioloid."

"That man has the varioloid!" persisted Johnnie. "No healthy person would ask two women to carry him half a dozen yards! See here, Doctor Backet, examine him;" then, coolly turning to his victim, he demanded: "Were you ever vaccinated, mister?"

Brackett spoke in Japanese, and the newcomer in that language and English.

"Young feller," he sternly replied, "I 'ave bin waxinated! Are you the cove who told the landlady of Benkei's Rest to give me a b'iled howl?"

"A what?" quietly inquired Johnnie. "How can you boil a howl?"

"I said a b'iled howl!" hissed the other. "That's Hinglish, ain't it? With all your Yankee smartness you can't disprove that."

This remark caused the chums to roar with laughter. When they had quieted down again, Brackett, who had never so much as smiled, said, in a polite tone:

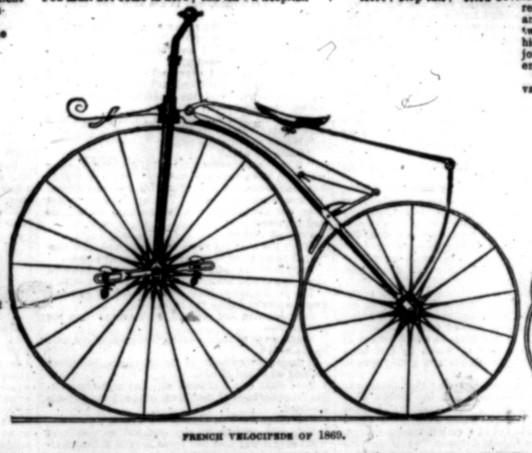
"Boil a howl? Mister, will you be kind enough to tell me how that feat can be performed?"

"Mister," hissed the other, "I'm going to punch your 'ead!"

[To be continued.]

"Through the Heart of Japan" was commenced in No. 497.

BICYCLE AND RIDER.



FRENCH VELOCIPEDE OF 1869.

THE PEDESTRIAN CURRICLE. (FROM AN OLD DRAWING.)

THE NEW BICYCLE FEVER.

AN old friend has come back again with a new name. The old friend is the velocipede; its new name is the bicycle.

Every New Yorker (who is old enough) will remember the velocipede fever of ten years ago. It was just ten years ago—that is, in the year of our Lord 1869, that New York, in common with a good many other parts of the country, went crazy over the velocipede. It was an apparatus introduced from France, which enabled anybody (after he learned how) to ride half a dozen miles with as little fatigue as he would walk one, which gave him plenty of healthy exercise and amusement, mingled with the pleasure that always comes of conquering difficulties, and which demanded no oats, like a horse, nor fuel, like a locomotive.

Over a hundred "velocipede halls" were established in New York alone. They were generally big lofts in the down-town streets, or roomy basements up-town. Around the wall, and eight or ten feet from it, was built a stout railing, that separated the spectators on the outside from the riders on the inside of the arena thus formed. In the corners were stored the velocipedes, or, as they were generally

"Vot?" shouted Smith, addressing Johnnie, whom he could see by the dim light of the distant gas-burners—"vot? I ain't got the varioloid;" adding, as he scrambled to his feet and angrily advanced: "Are you the duck who told the woman who keeps the Inn of Benkei's Rest to give me a b'iled howl?"

"I ain't got no varioloid," once more indignantly exclaimed the Briton, attempting to ascend the steps of the veranda. "I'm a Hinglishman in the himplov of the Mikado."

"Go back!" yelled Brackett, producing a pipe from his hip-pocket, and leveling it at the astonished stranger's head.

"No, I 'aven't!" snarled Mr. Smith. "You must be hoff your chump to say sich a thing."

"Come right in, sir," observed Orv, who, spite of his annoyance, could not avoid laughing at the man. "My name is Orville Fillmore. We are, like yourself, guests of the Mikado. Don't mind what Brackett says; he isn't quite right in his head."

TALES WITH BOYS ABOUT FOREIGN LANDS.—PERU.—VIEW OF THE CITY OF CALLAO FROM THE SEA. SEE PAGE 302.

TALES WITH BOYS ABOUT FOREIGN LANDS.—PERU.—VIEW OF THE CITY OF CALLAO FROM THE MOLE. SEE PAGE 302.

termed by riders in those days, the "machines." Twenty-five cents an hour was usually charged for the use of the "machines" and at this price the halls were crowded with riders, and there were almost always customers anxiously waiting for their turn to come to be provided with a mount.

It was, in fact, a perfect fever that had seized upon all young New York to learn and practice the art of velocipede-riding. Hundreds of boys devoted all the time left them from their school duties, and most of the pocket-money in their possession, to the delights of the velocipede hall; clerks and business men swallowed very hasty lunches, in order to spend their soon hour on the "machine," and in the evenings the halls were brilliantly lighted, and were literally crowded, both with swift-gliding riders on the floor and interested and enthusiastic spectators outside of the rails.

The excitement was such as to have a very noticeable effect in certain branches of trade. The carriage-makers especially reaped the benefit of it, for several of the largest and best-known firms went extensively into the manufacture of velocipedes. Perhaps they thought the new "machine" would so revolutionize modes of travel that their occupation as carriage-makers would be gone. Perhaps it was only that their facilities for making the elegant wheels which formed the chief part of velocipedes were better than those of any other manufacturers; but what whatever the reason, the Woods, Brewsters and Demorests of that day suddenly became better known as builders of velocipedes than as makers of those other vehicles which had made their names prominent.

But the fever was too fervent to last long. Precisely like other fevers, it consumed the vitality of the thing it fed upon, and burned itself out like a volcanic fire. With characteristic American enthusiasm we went neck and neck into the excitement of the hour, and then as suddenly tired of the new toy and dropped it. Probably if we had been less feverish in our welcome and appreciation of the novelty it would have lasted longer, and the old "machine" of 1869 would have not so soon been relegated to the lumber-room.

As it is, however, there is no occasion to regret the dying out of the old fever, because it has resulted in something far better being brought forward. The velocipede-makers saw that the velocipede had lost favor, and they set their wits to work to improve upon it, and to contrive something that should have all the advantages of the old velocipede with none of its defects. And when American inventive genius is called upon to supply a want, it is never called upon in vain. There has appeared lately a new apparatus, which expert riders recognize as being as far ahead of the velocipede as the velocipede was ahead of a go-cart.

The new device is termed the bicycle; it is familiarly spoken of by those who use it as the "wheel." The velocipede is thus superseded by the bicycle; the old "machine" has given place to the new "wheel." These two pet names, in fact, fairly describe the difference between the two vehicles. The velocipede of 1869, as will be seen by our illustration, was a more or less cumbrous and complicated machine, with lots of things about it to get broken or out of order; the bicycle of to-day is, substantially, a single wheel with a little accessory behind that is purely auxiliary, carrying none of the weight, and bearing about as much relation to the front wheel as a little rudder does to a big ship.

Strictly speaking, the old machine was also a bicycle, as much as the new one, since it had but two wheels, and the new device is a velocipede as much as its elder brother, since it goes fast and is propelled by the feet; but, by common consent, the word velocipede is now used only to describe the old and discarded machine, and the new one is always meant when we speak of a bicycle.

Thus the old friend that has come back again has changed in appearance as well as in name, but this time it has "come to stay." It is an eminently respectable, solid, sensible sort of a thing this time, instead of the mad-cap, hair-brained creature of ten years ago. It comes this time with its regularly organized clubs, its literature, embracing dozens of good-sized books, and its newspapers, of which there are several on both sides of the Atlantic.

And one of the best features of the permanency of this revival is the fact that most of the bicycling done nowadays is done out of doors where it belongs, and where the rider has the advantage of the bright sunshine and the free air of nature, instead of being cooped up in stuffy and gas-lit rooms, as in the days and nights of the former fever.

The feat of Mr. Wentworth Rollins in riding his "wheel" from this city to Chicago over every variety of country roads opened the eyes of a great many people in this country to what might be done with the bicycle; and it is no wonder that the out-door trips that he made from this city west to the beautiful country lying all around it, find plenty of eager followers.

Of course, it is still necessary to have bicycle halls, and there is now at least one excellent one in in this city, but these are for the organized and simply schools, or nurseries, where the novice can safely learn the tricks of his steed, which is always some what fractious under unskillful rule, until he is fitted for the open road.

In staid and sober England the practice of bicycling is much more popular than it is here, and it is said that one hundred thousand bicycles are in daily practical use in that country. Two of the most prominent riders in England and one from France are now in America, giving a series of exhibitions and races, the first of which was recently given in an immense tent erected for the purpose in Boston. The chances are that by this means and others, the "wheel" will become as well known and as well liked here as it is abroad.

Rob Rollalong, the Runaway.

By BRACEBRIDGE HEMYNG,

AUTHOR OF THE "JACK HARKAWAY" AND "DICK LIGHTHEART" STORIES, ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

[Continued from page 286.]

So astonished was he that he uttered a loud cry, and stared in astonishment at his assailant.

The match fell on the wood, and Kedge put his foot on it.

"You've got to come with me!" exclaimed Kedge maintaining his hold of Johnson, "and you'll find that though we are a small community all by ourselves, we have our laws, and can punish offenders."

"What have I done?"

"Tried to burn us out, as you said you would; and if I hadn't been smart enough to look after you we should have been houseless and homeless tomorrow. The crime of setting fire to houses is called arson, my lad, and it is a State's Prison offence."

"You're got no prison," replied Johnson, impudently.

"Hold on; wait till we show you what we've got."

He dragged him to the trap-door, and made him descend the ladder.

While the doctor and Rob looked at him in the utmost surprise, Johnson stood up against the wall and glared angrily at the comfortable party in the parlor, whom he had tried to drive out into the dark, drear night.

"Well done, Kedge!" exclaimed the doctor; "did you catch him at it?"

"Caught him red-handed, and I wasn't a minute too soon," answered Kedge. "He'd got a match in his hand; I let him strike it, and then I went for him like a fish-hawk for a sucker."

Doctor Ames looked severely at Johnson.

"If you aren't ashamed of yourself, you ought to be," he exclaimed. "What right have you to go about and try and burn peaceable people out of their home?"

"Why didn't you let me in?"

"Is this your house? Did you help build it? What did you do in the way of carrying stones? Who did all the work?—that's what I want to know."

"You wouldn't let me," replied Johnson, dropping his insolent air and assuming a whining tone, which he could use when he liked.

"Don't lie," said the doctor. "Because it won't help you. Didn't we ask you to be friendly with us, over and over again, and you defied us? We are a hive of busy bees, and can't afford to keep drones."

"Well," said Johnson, impatiently, "call me what you like. I don't care."

"Do you know what happened to 'Don't Care'?" said the doctor. "He was a bad boy and got hanged. That's what was the matter with him, and if you don't watch it very carefully, my lad, Judge Lynch will lay his fingers on your throat with a clutch you'll not be able to shake off."

"Ah, pshaw!" said Johnson. "Don't preach. I said I'd set you on fire if you didn't let me in, and I tried to keep my word. I plead guilty. What are you going to do about it?"

"Make you a prisoner. You're too dangerous to be allowed to go about."

"Where's your prison?"

"We have a fine rocky cave, where we can drive a stanch into the wall, and chain you up in such a way that you can't stray far."

At this prospect Johnson began to weaken.

"Can't we square this thing?" he asked. "I'm sorry I didn't come with you at first, but the fact was I got drunk and cheated you, and when I was sober my pride wouldn't let me give in. If you'll look over the past and let me share your little house, which looks jolly comfortable, I'll do all the work you set me, and try to make up for lost time."

The doctor smiled.

"Fair enough, better no parsnips, Jack Johnson," he answered. "Talk's cheap. From what we have seen of your amiable disposition I, for one, don't feel inclined to trust you. Many men would put a bullet in your skin and make an end of you that way. I will spare your life, however, but for the present you are a prisoner. Kedge!"

"What's that, sir?"

"Slip the irons on him. You brought them from the ship, I think."

"Yes, sir; thought they might be useful. Now, Mr. Johnson, are you going to take it quietly, or shall I knock you down and jump on you, just by way of making things smooth?"

"Oh, I'll be quiet enough! But say, doc, I'm hungry. Can't I have something to eat?"

"I'm afraid you'll have to remain hungry," replied the doctor. "It will tame you down, and take some of the devil out of you."

Johnson saw that it was useless to appeal to the sympathies of his former companions, and he relapsed into his usual sullen demeanor, allowing himself to be chained and pushed into an adjoining apartment, where, in the dark, he could reflect at his leisure upon the folly of which he had been guilty in defying his old friends and giving way to his evil passions.

The partition between him and the others was only made of thin saplings, and the chinks were stopped with moss and dry grass, so that he was able to hear the remarks which were made about him, and these were not of a very flattering nature.

"Confound that fellow, Johnson," exclaimed the doctor. "What did he want to come here for?"

"Why didn't he?" remarked Rob.

"What shall we do with him?" asked Kedge.

"I think we'll try him to-morrow," replied the doctor.

"Try him?"

"Yes. I'll be the judge. Rob shall prosecute for the people, and you shall be the counselor for the defense. I'll find him guilty, and ——"

"What's the use of trying him?" said Kedge, interrupting the doctor.

"Oh, to give him a show, and for the fun of the thing. I'll sentence him to six months' imprisonment, solitary confinement, and bread and water, and six months' hard labor afterward, waiting on us, cultivating the soil, and cutting wood, eh?"

"Serve him right," replied Kedge and Rob, in chorus.

"He shall serve his first sentence in the cave, and in the darkness and solitude of that place don't knock spots out of Mr. Johnson, of the Royal British navy, I'll give him up; and if he tries to be ugly again, I'll say he is irreclaimable, and shoot him on sight."

Johnson's feelings, when he heard his doom, may be readily imagined.

He knew the doctor well enough to be sure that when he said a thing he meant it, and he was also fully aware that he had no mercy to expect from either Rob or Kedge, both of whom he had on more than one occasion mortally offended by his insolence, and the airs he put on.

Suddenly a deep booming sound was heard.

Every one left off speaking, and started from their seats, with curiosity plainly depicted on their faces.

"What's that?" cried Rob.

"Hush!" said the doctor.

He took out his watch and regarded the minute hand as carefully as if he had been feeling the pulse of a patient. The seconds glided away.

Boom!

Again the sound was heard.

All were silent, and the stillness was such that Johnson's heavy breathing in the next room was distinctly audible.

The hand ran round the dial with the same regularity as before.

Boom!

This was the third time.

The doctor returned the watch to his pocket, and his countenance wore a look of anxiety.

"What is it, doc.?" cried Rob and Kedge together.

"The minute gun at sea," answered the doctor.

"And that means?"

"A wreck! or, at all events, a ship in distress."

"Close by?"

"Well, I can't say that with any certainty, but it seems to me the vessel is not so very far off. I have a mind to light a fire on the hill, though the light may mislead the unfortunate sailors, whose ship is perhaps, even now struggling in the roar."

"Could we render them no help?" asked Kedge.

"What can we do?" replied the doctor. "It is as dark as pitch, the wind is blowing a gale from the land, the sea running mountains high, and the rain is coming down in torrents, as it only can in the tropics. If we could do them any good, I——"

Boom!

The dreadfully solemn sound, which rang in their ears like the knell of doom, was again heard.

"I can't rest," said Rob.

"And I swan, I shall have a fit if I stay here," replied Kedge.

"Run away, boys, and bring back all the news you can," said the doctor.

They were out before they opened the door, and rushed out into the dark, stormy night.

The rain dashed into their faces, and the wind nearly threw them off their legs; but they cared little for this.

Doctor Ames threw himself back in his chair, took a choice Havana from his pocket—part of the captain's stores—and lighting it, indulged in a quiet smoke.

He knew well enough that the boys could do nothing, as the wind was blowing off the shore; and if the people on board the ship managed to launch their boats, they would be driven in a contrary direction to the island.

It is true, there were other islands in the group, as a reference to the chart had shown him.

They might find safety in one of these, provided it was not inhabited by cannibals.

If so, their existence would only be measured by their fat.

Those of the survivors in good condition would be eaten out of hand; while the others would be kept and fattened up like Thanksgiving Day turkeys for a future occasion.

An hour elapsed, and the doctor was nodding in his chair.

The last boom had died away long ago, denoting that the crew of the ill-starred ship had given up all idea of attracting the attention of any one to their help.

The boys returned, wet to the skin, and tired to death.

They had made their way to the shore and all they had seen was a small Fourth of July, in the shape of rockets, red and blue, which those on board the ship had set up.

They had tumbled over rocks and ran against trees till they were stiff and sore all over.

"Well, boys," said the doctor, stretching his limbs, "had any luck?"

"No, sir. The ship sent up rockets and burnt blue lights," replied Kedge.

"Which way did she bear?"

"South by east."

"H'm!" said the doctor. "It is doubtful whether we shall ever see any corpses. Sad—very sad; but such is life. A ship loosed on a stormy ocean. Turn in, boys, and bed-time. You will be glad to get your wet clothes off. In the morning we will go and explore."

They all retired.

When the morning came it still stormed, and continued to do so all that day and the next night.

In spite of the tempestuous weather they prowled along the shore, but could see no trace of a ship.

The *J. B. Astor*, their own ill-fated vessel, had gone to pieces during the night.

Jack Johnson had only made his escape from her just in time.

Every wave of the incoming tide washed up part of the wreck.

A melancholy spectacle for those who had been so long on board of her.

That some ship had been wrecked in the immediate neighborhood of their own island, none of them doubted.

Still there were no signs of the wreck.

Rob said nothing to any one, but he wondered what ship it was that had come to grief in that fearful storm.

Could it have been that in which Hattie, Mrs. Elliott, and Vangs had taken passage?

Poor Hattie! how he loved her still!

Kedge had only to look in his face to read his thoughts like a book.

"I know what you are thinking of," said he.

"What?" asked Rob.

"Hattie. You think she may have been on board that ship."

"What nonsense you talk! Is it likely?"

"No, it isn't likely; but stranger things than that have happened. Don't you know that truth is stranger than fiction?"

"Poor little Hattie!" said Rob. "I do love her, and if I could only get her away from that fellow, Vangs, I should be perfectly happy."

"I, too, love Hattie, as a sister," said Kedge. "Heigho! I wish I had a sister, or a mother, or a brother, or somebody near and dear to me."

"Am I not like a brother to you, Kedge?"

"Yes, Rob, you are; but you're not a born brother, you know. It's the relationship I want. I am nobody now. I don't know where I came from or what I belong to—that's the trouble. If they were to tell me my father was hanged at such and such a time, it would be some slight satisfaction, for then I should know who I am."

"Never mind, Kedge, old boy," replied Rob; "it may be all right some day. I'm an orphan."

"But you know who you are."

"That's so."

"It's an awful thing, Rob, never to have known a mother or a father, and be nobody's child. You might as well be a flower or a tree and have grown wild."

Rob said no more, as he saw the subject was a disagreeable one to his friend, and whatever he might say would not do him any good.

They walked along in silence, till Kedge exclaimed:

"Talking of Hattie reminds me of Vangs."

"I don't want to be reminded of him," answered Rob.

"I suppose not; though it's no use worrying yourself with that prophecy of his."

"You mean the 'Death in the Hand'?"

"Yes. He said you only had six years to live. I believe that to be all bosh. Vangs is a fraud from the word 'go.' Don't we know it?"

"Still it worries me," said Rob.

"Ah, pshaw! I wouldn't give it a thought."

"Wouldn't you?"

"Not I."

"I'm not so; though I don't mind confessing to you, Kedge, that I have dwelt on it till it has made me feel sick. I don't want to die when I am one-and-twenty, just as I am beginning life, as it were."

"I believe when Vangs said that he meant to fulfil his own prophecy."

"How?"

"He thought you'd be aboard the same ship as he was, and he'd throw you overboard, or put you out of the way somehow."

This was a consoling view of the question, but it did not satisfy Rob, who was a little superstitious.

When they got back to the castle, they found the doctor waiting for them.

"Have you ate," he said. "Have you discovered anything?"

"No, sir," answered Kedge.

"I've been quite busy," continued the doctor. "Jack Johnson had to be attended to, so I dispensed with the formality of a trial, and marched his royal highness down to the cave, where I chained him up to the side in such a manner that he will be very smart if he gets out. I gave him a pitcher of water and some crackers, and then left him."

"How did he take it?" asked Rob.

"Like a cur. He wined and begged and asked for mercy, and swore that he would 'never do it again,' like the schoolboy who plays hookey and doesn't want to be licked."

"You didn't weaken, doc?"

"Not for a cent. I told him he'd have to stay there for six months, and then, if he was particularly good and on his best behavior, I might let him go."

"Do you mean to keep him there all the time, sir?" inquired Rob.

"No, I don't," replied the doctor. "All I want to do is to teach him a lesson, and make him a respectable member of society. We can't allow an Englishman to come over here and boss us."

"Not much," said Kedge.

"What does he take us for?" replied Rob.

"I like an Englishman as well as I do a Dutchman or an Irishman," added the doctor. "The nationality makes no difference to me; but I do protest against any fellow—if he be a Parsee, or a Hindoo, or a heathen Chinee, or any other foreign fireb—putting on lugs, and trying first to murder us and then to burn us out."

"That's what's the matter, sir," said Kedge.

"When he comes to his senses—and I think he will behave himself as he ought to," said the doctor—"we will admit him to renewed membership in our firm."

"We may call ourselves 'The Desert Island Company (Limited),'" said Kedge.

"Very limited," replied the doctor.

"Kedge, Rollalong, Ames & Co.," said Rob.

"Don't roll me along too much," answered the doctor, laughing, "or I may kick."

A week passed after the night of the storm, and no tidings of the wrecked ones reached the island.

Jack Johnson was kept a close prisoner, fed regularly on crackers and water, and just as regularly begged to be released, promising to be good.

But Doctor Ames told him that pie-crust was, like a promise, made to be broken, and added another proverb, "The more you fuss the more you're not going to be allowed to go about."

Johnson, finding that his appeals were useless, relapsed into sullen silence, and refused to speak to any one.

The doctor commenced to call him "Sulky," meaning that he did not believe in the Englishman's sudden reformation, and intended to give him a taste of wholesome discipline.

[To be continued.]

"Rob Rollalong" was commenced in No. 672.

Talks with Boys about Foreign Lands.

CALLAO.

Of course every boy in America has been taking at least a little interest in the struggle now going on in South America, for who could listen without a feeling of pride when hearing of the achievements of the gallant Peruvian Admiral Grau, of the ironclad *Huascar*? We intend to give you a detailed account of his exploits in some future number, and for the present will give you a little information about Callao, a fortified town of Peru, and the principal seaport of that republic.

Callao is situated on the coast of Peru, in the department, and six miles west of Lima, of which city it is the port. Its population is about 35,000.

The harbor is defended by three forts with an armament of 200 guns, and is sheltered toward the south by the barren island of San Lorenzo.

The present town is about three-quarters of a mile from the original site. The houses were formerly for the most part low and of miserable appearance, having until lately been rarely constructed of other material than mud, with flat roofs, and only one story, owing to the frequency of earthquakes. But of late years the town has sprung up in splendid style.

Parallel to the bay is a handsome street, with a number of good edifices and private dwellings of two stories. The roads are often of hardened mud, as it never rains in Callao, for only moisture proceeding from an occasional thick, drizzling mist. Shiploads of wheat are at times seen piled up on the mole for weeks together without any shelter.

The heat at Callao is very great, and natives and foreigners suffer from severe attacks of ague. The atmosphere is sometimes loaded with foul smells, especially that peculiar one which may be perceived in almost every town within the tropics.

The old castle, or fortress, had been dismantled and converted into a custom-house, but as soon as the war broke out with Chili it was soon put under repairs.

The commerce of this port has been steadily growing in importance since its foundation. The chief exports are guano, nitrate of soda, borate of lime, opium, cochineal and Peruvian bark.

Callao was besieged for five months in 1624 by the British pirate, Clark, who died there without having been able to take it. It was completely submerged, with all its inhabitants, during the memorable earthquake of 1746, and the ruins are still distinguishable under water when the sea is calm.

In 1780 its harbor was the scene of a naval combat between the Independents of Chili and the Spaniards, and it looks as if it would soon be the scene of another little row.

In 1835 it was almost entirely submerged by a volcanic upheaval of the ocean, and again in August, 1868.

WORK IN CARDBOARD.

(Continued.)

HAVING now explained the manner of cutting, we will assume that the margin of our paper plan has been completed. Procure a piece of cardboard, which should be a trifle larger than the subject we wish to mount. If it is a new piece, and the plan is much smaller, it will be well to cut the required piece from one corner, as shown in Fig. 7.

FIG. 7.

A margin should be allowed in cutting the required piece of cardboard, and by no means should the cardboard, before being mounted, be cut close to the edges. *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*.

Having left a small margin, the required piece of cardboard is cut from the large piece by means of an iron foot-rule and a sharp knife; the shears or scissors should never be used in work of this description. *A*, *b*, *c*, *d*, Fig. 7, is supposed to be our plan, showing the required piece of cardboard as cut from the corner of a large sheet. Fig. 6 illustrates the manner of holding the knife when cutting the cardboard. Of course the back part of the blade of the knife should rest against the finger-joints, in which case all danger of cutting the hand is out of the question. This is the only sure and simple method of cutting even the strongest piece of cardboard, as it imparts force and ease of movement to the guiding hand.

There are several different methods of mounting paper, and, as it is a subject we shall frequently refer to in later articles, we will devote some space to a description of the various processes now in vogue.

Cut four strips of colored paper. These strips should be of equal breadth, but should not exceed more than three times the width of the margin of the cardboard cut for the purpose of mounting. Two of these strips should be cut a trifle longer than the longest side of the cardboard, in order that the extremities may be easily folded around the shorter sides. These two strips are now laid on a smooth surface, and held at one extremity with two fingers, whilst a brush containing starch-paste is drawn across them, commencing from the fingers upward. Fig. 8 shows the manner of holding the paste-brush. The fingers are now removed to the other extremity of the strips, and the process repeated in the opposite direction. The long strip should then be laid across the long edges of the square piece of cardboard, as shown in Fig. 7, and cut off at the extremities, as illustrated by *a*. The small triangles protruding across the shorter sides may now be folded across, and firmly pressed down with blotting-paper.

FIG. 8.

(To be continued.)

THE DRAWING-TABLE.

THE following is the list of prize-winners in the first lot of drawings examined:

1.—James Bonny, 132 Nassau Street, Room 26, N. Y. City.

2.—Charles F. Riegelmann, 553 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

3.—F. Martin Heitler, 845 North Eighth Street, Reading, Pa.

Drawings have been received from Ines Brown, Francis J. Rooney, Michael Arata, Ida Depue, Mose Lee, Wm. Leasner, Wm. Swan, C. F. R., Wm. D. Sell, O. C. Hale, Albert M. Roberts, William Spoerry, R. Backman, G. A. Calvin, E. C. Moriarty, Colman De Goode, Frank McHaffie, Wm. H. Robinson, Miss M. A. Logan, J. Powell Spindle, Washie Vanderlip, W. W. Swan, Wm. Ballard, George L. Swain, Simon H. Vidder, Tyler C. Redfield, P. W. Allison, John Grasse, Chas. Crowley, Burt Kintz, Seymon Many, Conrad Maasch, Jr., John Conoway, Harry Ferguson, Wm. F. Smith, Eva E. Morgan, Chas. Nichols, Walter S. Heck, F. F. Cole, U. S. Grant Eagleston, G. A. Ingalls, Alfred P. Sharp, C. Tighe, Thos. Hemp, Chas. H. Johnson, Alonzo Childress, John L. Heffernan.

The drawings received from the above candidates will receive the awards during the ensuing week. If you do not succeed the first time, try again.

THE ROUND TABLE.

PRIZES.

To be Read by all who Send Answers.

FOR A COMPLETE SET OF ANSWERS TO ALL THE ENIGMAS, ETC., IN THIS NUMBER.

For the best and earliest, due allowance being made for the distance of each competitor - $5.00
For the next best - - - - - - 2.50
For the third in merit and promptness - - 1.00

N. B.—There is no prize offered for an answer to only one puzzle or riddle. The answers must be to ALL. Competitors in all parts of the country have an equal chance.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES, ETC., IN No. 683.

1. Pole. 2. Ten-ant-able. 3. Rail-way. 4. Arctic. 5. Base, Alto, Star, Sore. 6. Fine Arts—Fuchsia, Intrigue8, Naturalis T, Express8. 7. H, Dab, Delay, Halcyon, Bayou, You, N. 8. Scant, Cant, Sean, Can, St. 9. Buckram. 10. Sp(a)m. S8(m)on, Man(a)ger, Li(v)ed.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES, ETC., IN No. 684.

1. Tongue. 2. Inter-line. Care-less. 4. Locks. 5. Kansas. Samiel—KindnesS, AnathemA, MillenniuM, SeraI, IcicIE, NoveI. 6. Dates, Aware, Taper, Ere-to, Seron. 7. S, Jet, Moral, Jot-Anon, Serasker, Tankard, Loire, Ned, R. 8. Clue, Lure, Ural, Eels. 9. Pearl, Earl, Pear, Pea, Ear. 10. Caprice.

WINNERS OF PRIZES IN No. 683.

1.—Louis Gascoigne, 83 First Street, Detroit, Mich.

2.—Fred. Windolph, Dover, Kent Co., Del.

3.—E. A. Deckler, 60 Harmony Street, New Orleans, La.

WINNERS OF PRIZES IN No. 684.

1.—Ralph Fales, Room 9, second floor, 115 Central Street, Lowell, Mass.

2.—M. G. Porter, rear 540 Main Street, Charlestown District, Boston, Mass.

3.—M. E. Moore, Mamaroneck, Westchester Co., N. Y.

ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC.

1.—CHARADE.

My first is an animal glossy and sleek,
And when on the hearthrug it lies,
Performing its toilet with aspect so meek,
And lazily winking its eyes,
You never would think that its soft velvet paws
Destruction within could conceal,
Nor fancy that mice from its mild-looking jaws,
Could torture and agony feel.

This second's a person whom you have not seen,
But still you may call him a friend.
Without him this riddle might never have been,
For second its verses has penned.

Of having some thirds any angler may boast,
Although not for learning inclined;
And yet in your Euclid you'll see quite a host,
And thousands in Virgil you'll find.

My whole is a name which historians all brand,
With infamy, hatred, and shame,
For he who once bore it, destruction had planned
'Gainst the city which nursed him, and fame
Relates of him stories which mark by their guilt
His name with indelible stain,
For Rome's noblest blood by his plots had been spilled,
Had not Cicero rendered them vain.

2.—DECAPITATION.

There was a man, he first along,
And as he next the sward, a song
He sang with voice both clear and strong.

He caroled like a singing bird,
While all the country round him heard.
Behind him came a man who third.

"Ho, comrade! whither bound so fast?
To see thy brow so overcast,
One'd think you'd read young Walter's last."

So scoffed the man in joke behind,
But now he's doomed for aye to find
The grandest lasts are sometimes signed.

3.—HIDDEN FLOWERS.

Will Muir is ten years old to-day.
Alas! how swift time flies away.

Oh, Lil, you naughty dog, you know
You should not bark at posey so.

Come, take the ashpan, Syl, for me,
And see how useful you can be.

Give me a pin, kind sister Loo,
And you shall see my new peep-show.

Make haste, Ruben, or else, I fear,
We won't have time to cross the mere.

Dada, is youth a common noun?—
For in my book it is not shown.

4.—ACROSTIC.

Foundation Word.

The initials of the names below,
If they are traced with care,
A good and brave *Boys' and Girls'* hero
Will certainly declare.

Cross Words.

For first please put down
A ravenous bird;
Of it, I am sure,
You often have heard.

A river of Russia
In second's contained,
Where once by the British
A victory was gained.

For next you must take
An isle in the north,
So look at your map
And then bring it forth.

A brave English king,
In Palestine famed;
A mountain of Greece
Is in my fifth named.

In Egypt now find
A great river's name,
Ye cute riddlers now
This riddle proclaim.

5.—MONOPHONE.

While riding through the town one day,
My first came quickly down,
Which made me feel uncomfortable;
But I galloped on to town.

I then arrived at an inn,
And quickly drew my second.
And soon put up my weary horse,
Whose limbs were tired, I reckoned.

Some friends appeared after,
And talked 'bout horses reared;
But soon, how'er, 'twas changed
To the length of Britain's queen's third.

6.—SQUARE WORDS.

My primais will imply
A preterite of fly;
From fiery volcanoes does my melted second flow;
My third, as you will see,
Smooth or level means to be;
And what is to be destitute my finals they will show.

7.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

For first a letter please to take,
I think 'twill be to hold;
My next's a kind of boat or ship,
'Twas built in times of old;
A color sure my next will be,
As iron bar next choose;
And for my fifth our "Letter Box"
I'll ask you to peruse;
My next a well-known traveler was,
Who traversed countries far;
And to the *Boys' and Girls'* next I trust
Our young folks truly are;
My eighth an insect sure will be;
And ninth and last you'll find in sea.

8.—PALINDROME.

A dwarf is here, 'tis very clear,
Or, if you like, a measure;
When turned around, same will be found,
I'm certain, at your leisure.

9.—PALINDROME.

A word which is part of your face—
Now try and find its name;
Then turn it round, and, I'll be bound
It still remains the same.

10.—CENTRAL DELETION.

Kindly take for first the name of
An Italian poet who
In fair Florence first saw daylight,
And to fame and learning grew.
Your twelve—six—five was the second
When this noted man was born.
First will be the same as last when
Out the centre you have torn.

11.—LOGOGRIPH.

Come, find a measure at your leisure,
'Twill not take you very long;
Transpose my next, and don't be vexed,
For this to tell is very wrong.
And now the twain, combined aright,
Will bring a little dog to sight.

FUN FOR THE BOYS.

"SALLY," said a fellow to a girl who had red hair, "keep away from me or you'll set me on fire." "No danger of that," replied the girl; "you are too green to burn."

A WARSAW man invented a combined hammer and can-opener. Unfortunately for domestic science, the first can he opened with it was a can of nitroglycerine. He got it open, though.

A LITTLE girl of four years was recently called as a witness in a police court, and, in answer to the question what became of little girls who told lies, innocently replied that they were sent to bed.

A FOOLISH man married a dumb woman because she could never scold him. Imagine his anguish when she writes out her curtain-lectures on a slate, and when he comes home at one, A. M. makes him read them aloud to her, that she may know he does read and understand them.

OLE BULL plays upon a violin three hundred and ten years old. If you should hear the young man who lives next door to you get hold of it, you would think it was eight hundred years old, and had lost its voice in a series of complicated troubles when it was seven years of young.

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"CORA, THE LION'S BRIDE."

CORA is a dark-eyed daughter of this sunny South, with blue-black hair that reaches below her knees, and a form such as would cause even Hebe to feel ever so slight a twinge of the green-eyed monster, but, nevertheless, a twinge.

Her smile is death to the heart of many a caballero, while her laugh is as musical as the silver bells that ring out in the grand old belfry of the Cathedral of Seville.

Her father, a Louisiana planter, married a beautiful Spanish girl—a gypsy—and at his death (he was killed in a skirmish before Richmond), Cora's mother returned to the wild people with whom "her heart had been alway," accompanied by her child, then aged six years.

Cora dwelt in the tents of the Zingari until love and hate induced her to leap into the seething tide of the world.

It was at Granada, among the ruins of the Alhambra, that she told Miguel de Miramon his fortune. It was beneath the liquid-pearl rays of the moon, and as Byron sings:

"There is a dangerous silence in that hour,
A stillness which leaves room for the full soul
To open all itself, without the power
Of calling wholly back its self control."

The girl's heart went to this man, and when he offered gold for her love she hated him. It was then that an angry, jealous fierceness seemed to take possession of her.

Carlist war. Irun had fallen, the railway stations from Vittoria to the Bidassoa were all in ashes, as were the dwellings of many villages that, but a few short months before, were rich in their own loveliness.

The circus to which Cora was attached was announced to perform at San Sebastian, and the charming little city so long beleaguered by the Carlists prepared to enjoy itself to the full measure, after its terrible cramps and nightmare. A well-known desperado, named Ramon Olaguibie, who resided in a *quinta* on the Hernani Road, summoned half a dozen of his pals, disbanded soldiers, wild, dissolute, and profligate, to meet him at a venta that lay out in a desolate valley in the Pyrenees. Here they deliberated, and subsequently prepared a plan of action whereby to relieve the circus treasury of its *pesetas*, immediately after the performance.

It was near midnight, and the grateful audience had departed. The circus-men were in the neighboring wine-shops over *vino tinto* and *bonos*. The treasury lay in the direction of the lions' cages.

Ramon Olaguibie, with his gang, was in readiness, and as soon as all were quiet they entered the circus.

Standing beside one of the cages was Cora. A lioness had strained her paw, and the gypsy girl was engaged in laving it. Cora wore a necklace of diamonds, presented to her by the Alcalde on the part of the City of Toledo. These diamonds were valued at $5,000, and were given to her on account of her heroic conduct in saving the child from the rabid dog. It was known that she would wear the

"CORA, THE LION'S BRIDE."—AN AMERICAN GIRL, EMPLOYED AS A LION-TAMER IN A PARISIAN MENAGERIE, RELEASES HER PETS TO REPEL AN ATTACK BY BRIGANDS.

She roamed about the woods without a care of man or beast. She, with her slim white fingers, choked to death a rabid dog that had attacked a helpless babe in the Plaza Mayor at Toledo.

At a traveling circus the animals broke loose, and when all but the keepers had fled, and they were blanched with terror, Cora—she was one of the audience—held the frenzied brutes at bay, compelling them, one by one, despite their deep and ominous growlings, flashing eyes, gleaming fangs, glittering teeth, and quivering claws, to retreat to their dens.

The manager, struck by a daring that betokened a reckless disregard of life, offered to take her upon his staff, and Cora entered the menagerie under the title of "The Lion's Bride."

By degrees, the furious monsters with whom she had to deal, ceased, not to fear, but to dislike her. By degrees they looked for her coming, and while the men scarcely dared enter their cages, Cora was as safe with the lions as ever was the Prophet of old in the cave.

She studied their lion nature, and found out their weak points. She knew when to command, when to threaten, when to coax. That which was as a sealed book to the outside world was as very easy reading to her, and she was not six months with the menagerie before the lions were as obedient to her as puppy-dogs, watching for her smile and eager for a stroke of her dainty white hand. The menagerie traveled sunny Spain from San Sebastian to Gibraltar, and soon Cora's fame as the Lion's Bride became known over the length and breadth of that beautiful sun-kissed land.

It was just a little after the close of the late

necklace, and Ramon counted on it as part of the plunder.

Stealthily, crouchingly, noiselessly, the desperados stole forward, knife in hand. Cora remarked the affrighted gaze of the lioness. The girl turned, to find a knife at her throat, a pistol at her head.

Quick as lightning she drew the bolt of the cage, and, like an arrow from a bow, the lioness sprang upon the girl's assailant, hurling him to earth, while the remainder of the gang were seemingly paralyzed by this unexpected movement on the part of the ferocious animals. Cora leaped to the door of a cage which confined two lions, and setting them loose, with a wild cry cheered them on to their bloody work.

Came a hideous growling of savage, hungry animals; came despairing, human shrieks for help; came a ghastly sound of moaning, mingled with that of bones being crunched and crushed.

Of six of the bandits who entered that circus but two left it alive, and these two are now imprisoned in the fortress that so romantically overhangs the Bay of Biscay.

A BUFFALO FIGHT.

THE Cape buffalo has short horns, expanded at their bases, so that they almost meet in the middle line of the forehead. It is found all over Central and South Africa, and is a formidable animal when wounded, as, quite regardless of the cloud of smoke which follows the shot aimed at it, it charges right through it, and so does frequent injury to the

at him. This time he was not met, and his broad forehead struck full on his rival's shoulder, almost knocking him over. The old bull then went a few yards off, and stood watching the other for fully a quarter of an hour, when he walked slowly away in the opposite direction.

THE ANTIQUITY OF FORKS.

AMONG the recent finds in the exploration of the relics of the ancient lake-dwellers of Switzerland is a pair of forks, apparently invented for table use. They were fashioned from the metatarsal bone of a stag. This gives a higher antiquity to the table fork (if they were really intended as such) than has hitherto been suspected. Other bone implements and ornaments are frequently found. Animal remains are also common. Among them are the bones of the dog, the badger, and the common otter. The latter were doubtless met with in the immediate neighborhood of the lake, but the presence of the bones of the wild ox and of the bear indicate that the lake-dwellers were bold and skillful hunters, as well as ingenious tool-makers. They were also keepers of cattle, for the most numerous animals' remains brought to light were those of the common cow and the moor cow. These exist in every stage of growth, showing that their owners had a taste for both veal and beef, while their fondness for venison is proved by the bones of the stag and roe discovered by the explorers. Evidences of a like character shows that they were hunters of the wild boar and eaters of the domesticated pig; and the existence of the beaver in Switzerland in prehistoric times is attested by the presence, among other bones, of several which comparative anatomists declare to have belonged to that rodent. One omission on the list is striking. No mention is made of the bones of horses having been found, from which it may be inferred with tolerable certainty that the horse was either altogether unknown to the ancient lake-dwellers or that they had not succeeded in capturing and taming him.

THE DAY OF THE WEEK.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times* gives the following easy method of ascertaining on what day of the week any day of the month will fall in any year. "At Dover Dwells George Brown, Esquire, Good Christian Friend, And David Friar." Explanation: The above old couplet contains twelve words, one for each month in order. The initial letter of each word corresponds with the letter in the calendar for the first of the month represented by the word. The key to the use of the rule is the knowledge of the Sunday letter for the year, which this year is E. Example: On what day of the week did March 16th fall this year? Answer: D, the first letter of Dwells stands for March 1st; but D is the letter or day before E—that is, D, the 1st of March, was a Saturday. The calculation is instantaneous that March 16th was the third Sunday in the month. Leap-years have two Sunday letters, and it is only necessary to use the second letter on and after March 1st, and the rule will still apply. Example: On what day will March 16th fall in the year 1880? Answer: The Sunday letters for the year are D and C; using the letter D, and observing that D is the initial letter of the third word, Dwells, corresponding to the third month, March, we see that March 1st will be on a Monday, and hence the 16th will be Tuesday.

OLD PAPER-MONEY.—Paper money circulated in the American War of Independence is still to be found in the United States, carefully preserved as a relic. One old note, worth two-and-eightpence, issued in 1776 and used for the pay of the soldiery, is owned by a family in Albany. On one side is a square containing a ring, which in its turn encircles a cornucopia, very rudely drawn, and engraved with the representation of a poor-house, while beneath is inscribed the motto adopted by Benjamin Franklin for his copper coinage, "Mind your business." A circle of thirteen rings, with the names of the States which at that time composed the Union, occupies the other side of the note, and in the centre are the words, "American Congress" and "We are one."

WHAT OTHERS THINK.—A young man is on the high road to ruin when he can say, without blushing, "I don't care what others think of me."

A MODERN DAINTY.—Turkeys are natives of America, and were consequently unknown to the ancients. They were first seen in England about 1523, and in France about 1570.